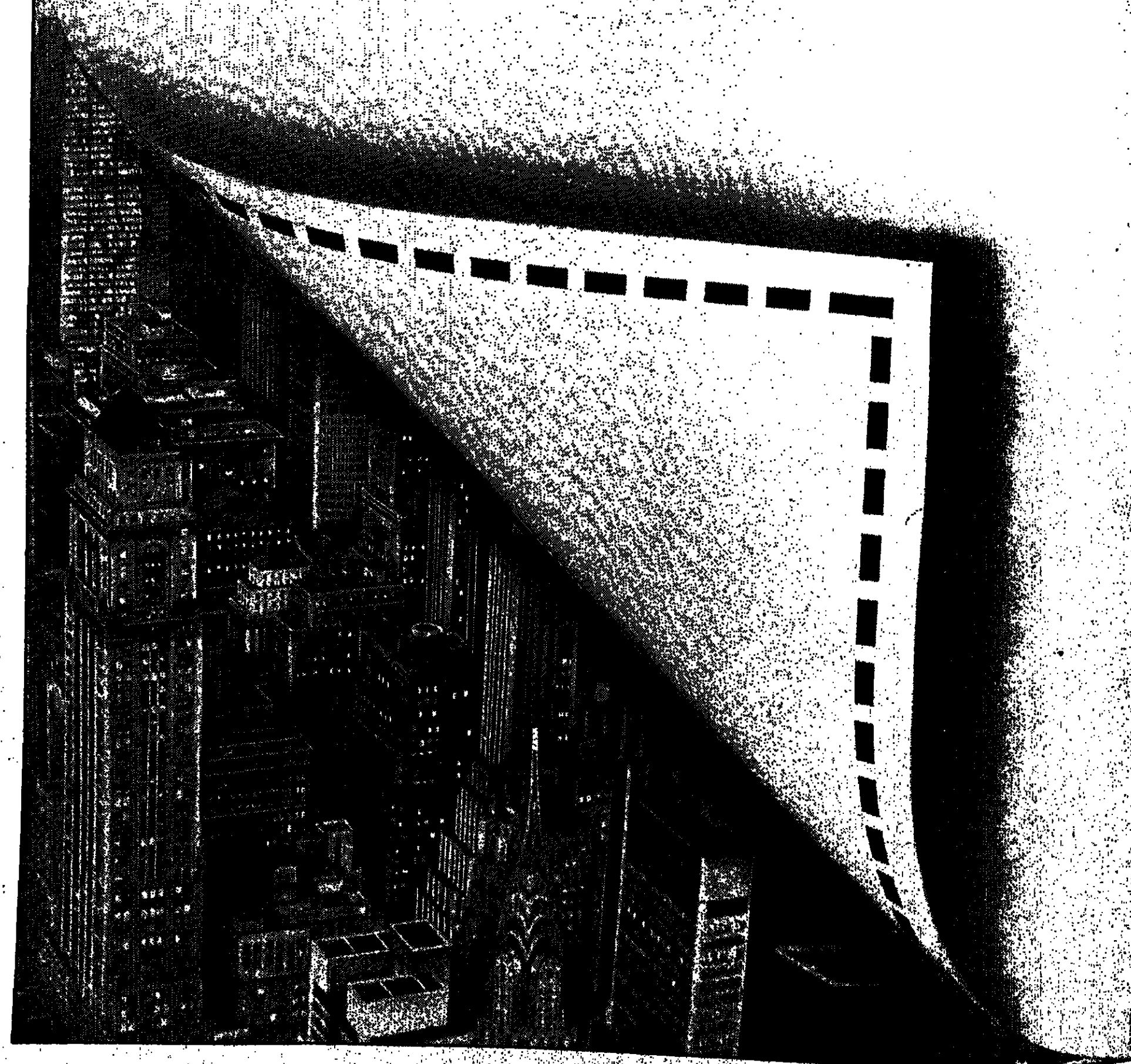


BANK HAPOALIM IN NEW YORK

A FULL-SCALE BRANCH OF BANK HAPOALIM IS AT YOUR SERVICE IN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, MANHATTAN. THERE YOU CAN ENJOY ALL THE ADVANTAGES AN ISRAELI-BASED BANK CAN OFFER FOR YOUR BUSINESS AFFAIRS, AND A HOME-AWAY-FROM-HOME WHEN YOU VISIT NEW YORK. FOR MORE INFORMATION ON OUR NEW YORK OPERATION ASK AT ANY BRANCH OF BANK HAPOALIM HERE OR ON THE SPOT IN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA.

10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N.Y. 10020 NEW YORK, TEL. 3979650.



THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, July 11, 1975

ARTILLERY ON THE MOVE

Page 11



good news **ITRON 10000** good news
 ews **ITRON 10000** good news **ITRON 10000** good
 good news **ITRON 10000** good news

the Itron 10000 savings plan continues

ITRON 10000
 the savings plan that offers
 the most advantages

You may deposit up to IL. 10,000 in the Itron 10000 Savings Plan and enjoy all the following benefits: -

- * A grant of 10% (up to IL. 1,000)
- * Your savings and the grant are linked to the cost-of-living index

- * Compound interest on your savings and grant
- * All this tax free

You may deposit any amount from IL. 100 up to IL. 10,000 or make regular deposits of IL. 50 or more every month.

Open your Itron 10000 Savings Account today

ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK
BARCLAYS DISCOUNT BANK

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

In this issue

	Page
Prof. Robert W. Tucker tells David Landau why the U.S. should counter oil blackmail with the prospect of the use of force.	5
Lea Ben Dor reflects on bombs and leaks.	7
David Krivine visits the Upper Galilee kibbutz of Kfar Hannasi.	8
Helga Dudman and Rounle Hope salute the Artillery Corps, an arm of the IDF that has just recently come into its own.	11

Catherine Rosenheimer sees a new Israeli line in modular furniture.	14
Martin Mikels goes on a summer day's stroll down Dizengoff. Haim Shapiro whips up some crepes. Hadassah Bat Haim.	15
Ephraim Kishon stretches the elastic bonus to the limit. Drybones engages in hocus-pocus.	16
The Book Section reviews include: a selection of children's books (Miriam Arad); Dr. Eli Davis's novel about the Hadassah Hospital (Philip Giffon); a collection of the American radio dialogues on the Psalms (Gershon Levi).	17

Melir Ronnen writes about Rivka Morhuv's Greek vase exhibition. Gil Goldfine covers the Tel Aviv art scene.	20
Mendel Kohnsky sees a Yiddish play, an experiment by some youthful amateurs, and the Edith Piaf show. Yohanan Bochni previews next season's music.	21
Philip Giffon scans the Television screen. Marsha Pomerantz tunes in to Radio	22
Caleb's Column by N. David Gross. Biblical Byways by L.T. Rabinowitz. Crossword. George Levinew's Bridge column. Ellahu Shahaf's Chess column.	22

THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1975

This Week July 12-19
 THE JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Conductor: Lukns Poes
 Soloists: Natasia Tudson, piano
 Alfreda Hodgson, John Mitchinson

PROGRAMME
 E.W. Sternberg — The Twelve Tribes
 W.A. Mozart — Piano Concerto in D Major, K. 537
 G. Mahler — Das Lied von der Erde
 July 12, 1975, Jerusalem, Binyanei Ha'ooma — at 9.00 p.m.
 July 14, 1975, Caesarea National Park — at 8.30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Conductor: Zubin Mehta
 With soloists and Choirs

PROGRAMME
 AIDA — Opera by Verdi (in concert form)
 July 13, 17 1975 — Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium — at 8.30 p.m.
 July 18, 1975 — Jerusalem, Binyanei Ha'ooma — at 8.30 p.m.
 (Sale of tickets through the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra)

THE BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY

PROGRAMME: NEW WORKS
 July 14, 1975 — Ashdod, Olympia Hall — at 8.30 p.m.
 July 17, 1975 — Tel Aviv, Habima — at 8.30 p.m.

THE BAT-SHEBA DANCE COMPANY

PROGRAMME: NEW WORKS
 July 15, 1975 — Jerusalem, Jerusalem Theatre — at 8.30 p.m.
 July 17, 1975 — Beersheba, Keren Hall — at 8.30 p.m.

YOUTH ORCHESTRAS CONCERT

Conductor: Shalom Ronly-Riklis
 The Junior Philharmonic Orchestra
 The Gudim Symphony Orchestra
 The Chamber Orchestra of the Music Academy — Tel Aviv University
 The Drakensberg Boys Choir (South Africa)

PROGRAMME
 Mascagni — Easter Hymn from Cavaleria Rusticana (only in Caesarea)
 Beethoven — Choral Fantasy (only in Tel Aviv)
 Pärtel — Concerting for Strings
 Concerto played by the winner of the Sharott Fund Competition

Dvorak — New World Symphony
 July 17, 1975 — Caesarea National Park — at 8.30 p.m.
 July 18, 1975 — Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium — at 9.00 p.m.

Tickets:
 HAIFA: Main distributor — Kapat Haifa (including bus tickets)
 JERUSALEM: Cuhana, Ben-Naim
 NETANYA: Sigual
 RAMAT GAN: Rechnitz
 CAESAREA: Box office of the Roman Theatre — 9.00 a.m.—12.30 p.m. and 3.00—6.00 p.m.
 TEL AVIV: Atid, Bama, Canaf, Hadran, Kastel, Masach, Rokoko, Sherut Ron, Union, Yoki and at the theatre box offices before performances.
 Tourists: may buy tickets at the Tel Aviv Israel Government Tourist Office.
 Transportation to Caesarea by Egged Tours:
 FROM TEL AVIV: Rehov Hayarkon, opposite the Hilton Hotel. 6.15—7.00 p.m.
 FROM NETANYA: Kikar Ha'atama'ut. 6.45—7.30 p.m.
 FROM HAIFA: Rehov Chouri. 6.45—7.15 p.m.



aint no devaluation
 blues at the
BOOK BOUTIQUE
 Save money & read on...
 231 Ben Yehuda, T.A.
 4 USSISHKIN, P.TIKVA
 36 HERZELIYA, HAIFA
 Still the best deals for
 used English paperbacks
 SUN-THURS 10-non-stop 8:30
 FRIDAYS 10-non-stop 4:30

IMAGINE!
\$17,995

A FABULOUS ADULT CONDOMINIUM RESIDENCE IN THE PALM BEACHES, FLORIDA. 1 AND 2-BEDROOM LUXURIOUS ELEVATOR GARDEN APARTMENTS WITH A GUARANTEED LOW MAINTENANCE. CITY BUS TRANSPORTATION, FREE CONVENIENCE BUS TO SHOPPING, BEAUTIFUL MODELS, FABULOUS CLUB, BILLIARDS, EXERCISE ROOMS, SAUNAS, POOL, CARDS, SHUFFLEBOARD.

WRITE FOR
 COLOUR BROCHURE
VILLAGE GREEN

P.O.B. 18468
 W. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
 33408 U.S.A.

MIRIAM HARARI

Permanent removal of superfluous hair: Painless electric method; leaves no marks.

FULL GUARANTEE
 2 Rehov Hakalir, Tel Aviv
 (near the Zoo)
 Tel. 248962

השלום שלי
 NOW IN ENGLISH!

**my shalom
 my peace**

Paintings and poems by Jewish and Arab children

An ideal book for the whole family and a holiday gift for friends and overseas clients.

Available at all bookstores or directly from the Publisher: Sabra Books, 15 Carlebach St., Tel Aviv, Israel. Tel: 280251.



"an extraordinarily moving book"



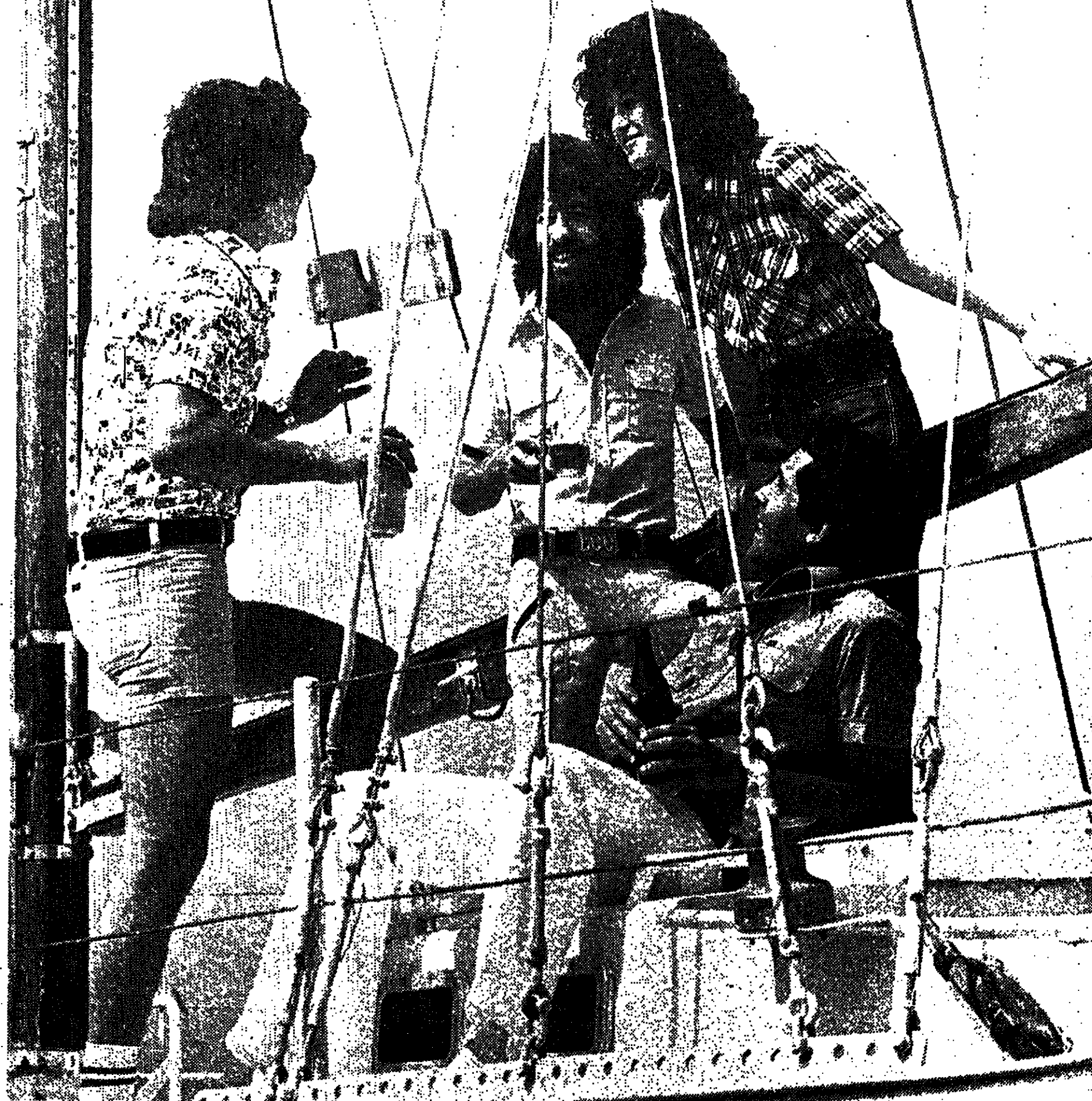
ISRAEL DEFENCE FORCES

Manpower Division

**Notice to reservists
 going or residing abroad**

- The I.D.F. continues to maintain contact with reservists residing abroad.
- For this purpose, the reservist residing abroad fills in a form 431, and forwards it via the Israeli Consulate nearest to his place of residence.
- A reservist who has served with the reserves and who holds a reservist's book will be provided with a copy of form 431, together with his permit to go abroad. When he has a permanent address in his country of residence abroad, he must fill up this form (two copies) and post it to the nearest Israeli consulate.
- A reservist now living abroad, not in possession of a form 431, should inform the nearest Israeli Consulate by telephone of his address. He will then receive a copy of the form, and by returning it completed to the consulate, he will re-establish contact between the I.D.F. and himself.
- In future, all reservists residing abroad will be required to inform the nearest Israeli Consulate of any change of address. Form 431 will be used for this purpose.

Lee makes beautiful people



Shorts made of Chambray cloth, brushed Gabardine sport trousers with zippered pockets, 4-pocket blue jeans made of Denim with contrast stitch, white 4-pocket Hopsack trousers. Fashionable short-sleeved shirts made of Oxford and checkered Diolen cotton cloth with two pockets with flaps, knitted shirts made of printed Diolen cotton.

THE USES OF POWER

America's concern over the Middle East is rooted largely in fear of oil blackmail, says Prof. ROBERT W. TUCKER. He tells DAVID LANDAU how the U.S. could counter by holding out the prospect of force.



A HIGHLY-PLACED source in Jerusalem, thoroughly conversant with Washington realities, remarked this week that it is the fear of a new oil embargo, rather than fear of a superpower confrontation, that impels President Ford to pursue an Israel-Egypt interim settlement with such urgency and such vehemence.

The President reasons, the source explained, that the alternative to an interim settlement would be Geneva, which, given the parties' minimal peace terms, would almost inevitably end in failure. Failure would bring stagnation; stagnation, war; and war a renewed Arab oil embargo. With U.S. dependence on imported oil now at 22 per cent and still rising, and with massive unemployment and steep inflation still threatening the economy, President Ford cannot afford a renewed oil embargo. Hence his determination to have an Israel-Egypt settlement, even if he must squeeze Israel a little in order to achieve it.

Professor Robert W. Tucker agrees with this assessment of Administration policy — though he by no means agrees with the policy. He, too, believes that oil is uppermost in the minds of Ford and Kissinger when they approach the Middle East problem.

"They profess to fear a superpower confrontation — and, indeed, for Kissinger such a confrontation would be disastrous, since détente is all he has left..." But that fear, says Tucker, is secondary to their fear of an Arab oil embargo.

Prof. Tucker, an international lawyer turned political scientist, saw his name leap to international prominence last January in the wake of an article he published in "Commentary" entitled "Oil: The Issue of American Intervention." He did not directly advocate an American military take-over of the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf; he merely discussed the feasibility of such action and conferred the military, moral, political and economic arguments that had been advanced against it.

Two days after the piece appeared, "Business Week" published the famous Kissinger interview, in which the Secretary warned that the U.S. would use force in the event of its "strangulation" by the oil producers. A similar warning was voiced by President Ford later in January, and there have been several subsequent statements by Messrs. Ford, Kissinger and Defence Secretary Schlesinger in the same vein.

INTERVIEWED this week in Jerusalem (he was here for the symposium on U.S. foreign policy at the Hebrew University's Leonard David Institute for International Relations), Prof. Tucker modestly disclaimed any influence on the Administration's decision to rattle its sabre, pointing out that Dr. Kissinger's "Business Week" interview must have been written before his own "Commentary" article appeared.

Most observers believe, however, that Tucker's article, and the heated reaction to it, did have a significant effect on thinking in Washington, and certainly lent a measure of credibility to the official threats and warnings uttered later. These, says Tucker himself, "have had some effect" on the producer-states, "though I wouldn't want to exaggerate it."

Given America's intense desire to achieve an interim Middle East settlement, Tucker says, "Israel has little choice but to go along with it." The vital question for Israel, he feels, is how hard it can

The Administration's linking of the Middle East conflict to the oil issue is symptomatic of a wrong-headedness which, Tucker charges, pervades the Administration's whole approach to the issue.

"They have put their money on a bank of conservative states which they think they can keep conservative," he says scornfully. "This policy is based on a huge risk — because these are intrinsically unstable states."

Moreover, even now, under their conservative regimes, these states — primarily Saudi Arabia

and Iran — are by no means as cooperative with the U.S. as the Administration makes believe. While the out-and-out radicals such as Algeria and Libya are "producing like mad," the Saudis, Tucker points out, have cut down their production from nearly nine million barrels a day to under six million, and they plan to cut down still further. The Saudis' reputation for "moderation," fostered by Washington, is a myth, he asserts. "If the Saudis are 'moderates' — who needs extremists...?"

It is "madness," he continues, for America to base its oil policy on states of this kind and to supply them with elaborate weapons systems, because ultimately these states' present — and potential — regimes are beyond Washington's control.

TUCKER'S own solution is simply stated: "We must build up U.S. military power in the Gulf." As in his articles, though, he stops short of actually advocating American armed intervention.

"My earlier essay," he wrote in March, "was not a clarion call to go to war tomorrow." His aim in both articles was to provoke discussion of the military option as a realistic alternative. Even his sharpest critics were careful not to rule out the use of force against the oil states under any circumstances. The dispute between himself and his adversaries — whether or not they admitted it or even realized it — was in degree, not in kind.

The very contemplation of the use of force would not have been necessary, Tucker says today,

"had the U.S. said 'no' to Iran and to the Saudis right at the start."

"A firm 'no', spelt N O, with a line thrown in about 'incalculable consequences' would have been effective back in early 1973, when the oil crisis was already unmistakably shaping up."

"Unfortunately, we gave clear indications that we would do just the opposite. The Federal Government and the oil companies commissioned studies during 1973 to determine the maximum price that America could afford to pay for its oil. All the studies which were published pointed to a figure of between \$9 and \$11 per barrel." The Arabs' eventual choice of a figure within this range was neither arbitrary nor fortuitous, Tucker says.

In the early months following the October boycott, the U.S. reaction was one of "stunned disbelief and considerable disarray." The measures which the Administration did eventually initiate were too little and too late. The International Energy Agency, with its \$25b. safety net to aid suffering allies, has still today not been "consummated." Domestic policies "could blunt" the oil weapon, but the Administration's efforts have been stymied by the Congress and there is basically "no national will to take really drastic measures."

PROF. TUCKER dismisses the soothing prognoses that have been made by some experts with the effect of further lulling the U.S. and insulating public opinion from the magnitude and danger of the oil problem. He favours the more ominous soothsayers.

The leading U.S. oil expert, Walter Levy, in his most recent estimate, forecast an oil revenue surplus of some \$460b. for the OPEC states by the end of 1980. But even accepting a less horrendous estimate, says Tucker, it cannot be denied that the oil producers will soon be able to "shake the world economic system" at will. "They could throw Britain into panic tomorrow if they wished. To assume that this wealth will not one day be translated into political power is ridiculous."

What is left for the U.S. to do at this late stage? In addition to more energetic conservation measures, the Administration could force the oil companies not to cooperate with OPEC ("though I sometimes think it would be easier to invade the Gulf than to come to grips with the oil companies..."). This would force the oil-producing states to make their own direct allocations to consumers, and any boycott or discrimination would quickly be exposed.

"Of course, this assumes," Tucker says pointedly, "that we are ready to take tough action against discriminatory measures by a producer" — which, of course, is his point of departure.

Tucker's examination of America's military option in the Gulf is in the nature of an extension of his academic preoccupation with the use of military power in general, and the growing restraints which modern conditions seem to be imposing on it. Ideally, Tucker favours a contraction of U.S. commitments overseas and a greater shouldering of the defence burden by the other centres of power in the West.

"If the Europeans would make one-third of the effort the Israelis make — they'd positively terrify the Russians," he declares. (But even if Europe were to assert itself, he points out, its deterrent strength would be "localized" and would not extend to the Middle East or to the Gulf.)

THE WIDELY-HELD view that the use of force is a declining phenomenon in our world "should be taken with a large grain of salt," Tucker advises. The Middle East offers one obvious proof of its speciousness, but Tucker cites broader considerations to invalidate this theory.

Some scholars have argued that nuclear power itself is "useless because unusable." Tucker believes it has had, and continues to have, a major role of restraint and constraint upon policy. Some argue that large states are nowadays loth to use force against smaller states because it offends the "egalitarian ethos" and is therefore unpopular. Tucker considers this theory, too, simplistic, and attributes it to the impact of the Vietnam war.

But the reluctance to contemplate the use of force has affected the U.S. to only a limited degree, Tucker believes, as the Mayaguez incident — and public reaction to it in America — clearly showed.

Public opinion in the U.S. he insists, has remained basically consistent in its attitude to the use of force. There is "a large measure of public reliance on the Presidential exercise of executive authority." There was not much change in the initial reaction of the American people between Korea and Vietnam.

Granted there was a significant weakening of anti-Communist feeling as a result of the détente, which Tucker traces back to the Johnson presidency. "It takes a sophisticated mind to see that Soviet power does still pose a threat — despite détente." The problem has been aggravated by Nixon's — and Kissinger's — intensifying détente, and extending it to China.

But the opposition to the Vietnam war grew from within the numerically small but vocal and articulate intelligentsia, says Tucker. It fed on America's inability to win a military victory and swelled into a national consensus against the war because of "an axiomatic public reaction to an expenditure of blood and treasure" which was patently not producing the desired results.

The post-Vietnam trauma, with its instinctive recoil from the thought of an overseas involvement, could well be a passing phase, Tucker cautions. It need not necessarily spell a permanent American reluctance to use force abroad again in similar circumstances.

HE ACCUSES Kissinger of allowing his policy of dual détente to stagnate in recent years. The breakthrough to China in 1971-2 was never adequately followed up, he charges. The criticism is levelled directly at the Secretary, since Nixon was effectively paralysed by Watergate during 1973-4.

An adequate follow-up should have included a pointed abandonment of Taiwan after Chiang Kai-shek's death, Tucker believes. This would have facilitated a closer U.S.-China relationship — and left the Soviets feeling considerably more uncomfortable. The result: further constraints upon Soviet adventurism in such areas as the Middle East. The underlying thesis of the dual détente was to have been a "subtle psychological" play-off of the Soviets. Kissinger, however, Tucker says, has not exploited the opportunities but has let them slide.

And the results are evident everywhere.

What have
Robert Stern of New York,
Meir Levi of Jerusalem,
Jane Lewis of Liverpool,
& Ron Kennedy of Sydney
in common?



They all have a rewarding hobby, a sound investment, and are partners in restoring Israel's historical and archeological sites.

THEY ALL COLLECT ISRAEL GOVERNMENT COMMEMORATIVE COINS AND STATE MEDALS

Tens of thousands of people all over the world derive great pleasure and knowledge from this hobby. Israel commemorative coins enjoy a tremendous reputation in the international numismatic arena and are in ever growing demand. Judging by past performance, they provide a reliable investment. Part of the revenue from sales are earmarked for restoring historical and archeological sites in Israel. Everyone can become a subscriber by filling out the coupon alongside, and enjoy advance notification of each issue and priority in ordering. Every item is sent by registered mail directly to your home. An illustrated brochure accompanies every issue, telling the "story behind the coin".

Start collecting Israel Government Coins and Medals today.



To: ISRAEL GOVERNMENT COINS AND
MEDALS CORPORATION
11 KEREN HAYESOD STREET
JERUSALEM, ISRAEL

Please enrol me as a subscriber for Israel Commemorative
Coins, Coin Sets, and State Medals according to the Corpo-
ration's specified conditions.

SIGNATURE _____

Please print in capital letters:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZIP CODE _____

DATE _____

STATE _____

COUNTRY _____

BOMBS AND LEAKS

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT / Lea Ben Dor

LAST FRIDAY'S HORROR in Zion Square in Jerusalem was not new to this city. Its senseless evil is familiar, with the deaths of Arabs and Jews, Jordanians as well as Israelis. That is co-existence, Israel style. We are also conscious by now that the world is sated with horror. Bombs in Ireland that are as regular as church services and visits to the pub; random shooting in the U.S.; kidnapping for ransom in Italy; murder threats and political blackmail in Uganda by a joke giant who apparently only wants the British Queen to treat him as a friend and equal, and sees nothing wrong with holding an elderly British lecturer hostage for such favours. We no longer expect much outrage on the part of a world rendered deaf by the sound of shots and bombs used against civilians, often for no clear reason.

In his Knesset statement this week, Prime Minister Rabin appealed to world conscience only briefly. But he spoke with sharp irony of the growing tendency to appeasement in the UN, which is now favourably considering the application of the Arab murder organizations to take part in the conference on the prevention of terrorism due to be held in Toronto. If it had not been a heavy-hearted moment he might have added that at least the PLO men could appear there as technical experts.

Sorrow and anger will give us the strength and persistence to fight this enemy, he said. It will take more than strength and persistence to prevent terrorism directed at random targets. And it can be no more than cold comfort to figure that the growing indifference of the world to mass murder also means that the political effect of terrorism has been sharply reduced. In the days when an act of Arab terrorism regularly produced an outburst of righteous indignation in, say, the "Manchester Guardian", the outburst was as regularly followed by philosophical advice. Before people could be driven to such terrible deeds, the paper would opine, they must have suffered terribly, such barbarism was intolerable in the civilized world, and Israel must therefore find some way of appeasing this burning anger. (That was before 1967, before there was the simplistic solution of going back to the 1967 borders.)

Now even the "Guardian" no longer has any illusions that the world is civilized, is no longer greatly outraged by bombs near or far. There was little left for Haim Landau (Likud) to add on the subject. He preaches counter-attack, not at random, but directed at the terrorist bases. As there had been a counter-attack of precisely this character on PLO bases in the Lebanon by the time the Knesset statement was made, all he could ask for was more of the same, more attacks on a larger scale, which is scarcely an oppositionist attitude. Reminders that the terrorists enjoy the full support of the Arab

countries with respect to arms, bases and political support came from both Moshe Dayan, former Defence Minister, and Aharon Yariv, former Chief of Military Intelligence.

Dayan said "We must not forget that the terrorists who claim credit for these acts enjoy the blessing and aid of the Arab states, and also their agreement that they (the terrorists) speak in the name of the Palestinians. President Sadat of Egypt has been most prominent in this; not so King Hussein of Jordan. It was not Hussein who proposed at Rabat that the PLO and Yasser Arafat speak in the name of the Arabs of Israel and the Palestinians, and that Arafat should represent them at Geneva... the argument now is not really over the Passes or even whether there is to be quiet for three years or three and a half. The subject is — to quote the Secretary of State — that if Israel will not do such and such, then the Arabs will renew the war. The argument is not whether or not they need the Passes, and whether or not we should give them up, as well as the oil. The argument is 'If you, Israel, do not do as Egypt wishes, then catastrophe will overtake you and Europe, and Japan, and the U.S.... Please do as you are asked, so that the Arabs do not start another war.' But this is also what the terrorist organizations say: we shall fight you until you do what we want."

"For the first time since 1949 there is now, in fact, talk about ending the fighting, whether by making peace or by some lesser form of agreement. There is no point in postponing this argument for two or three years, and then to resume it under worse strategic conditions. (i.e. after another withdrawal). Our position will then be less good for negotiating, and also less good for war."

"I don't believe in 'gaining time'. We are not being given a holiday from war in the meantime — the events in Zion Square prove that."

BUT HOW do you talk peace? There is a theory that you cannot in fact get any stability with Egypt without making some kind of settlement with the Syrians as well. Of course the price demanded by the Syrians might be too high — a return to the gun emplacements on the steep hills of the Golan Heights overlooking the Kinneret.

But the piecemeal system is not so much a way to peace as a ruse that will take us to, say, the outlines of the Rogers Plan, and leave us in the end without peace, without security and without any cards to play. There are wide differences of opinion on whether Egypt, or even Syria, are at all anxious to start another war at present. Even with all the elements of surprise they did not get very far, and they would not get even as far as that in another war.

Under present conditions another settlement might restore more aid from the U.S., but there is no American commitment to support whatever temporary pos-

sition is reached. Suppose we withdrew to the eastern side of the Passes, and dug in again, at great cost, what assurance is there that there might not be the same nervousness in the U.S. that another war threatens unless we then withdraw from the West Bank?

Mr. Rabin has since touched on this theme: that to yield to the threat of war is the kiss of death. Actually, there has not been much war talk from Egypt. It is mainly Dr. Kissinger who speaks of fear-lag imminent war, and he has evidently succeeded in frightening most of Europe with the spectre of what he calls the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, but the Three Camel Riders. There is certainly no American commitment at the present time even at the eastern end of the Passes, where, in Dr. Kissinger's anxious view, the Three Camel Riders could appear any day after a settlement.

FOR LIGHT RELIEF there was the protest of Shmuel Tamir (Free Centre) against official leaks to the press. As things stand today, it is rather like being against sin. He presented his motion to the agenda quietly enough, as a thesis with which nobody can really disagree. Of course there should be no leaks of secret material to the press. The very idea. On my way up to the press gallery in the Knesset to hear this motion presented I observed two spokesmen of two ministers conferring with the diplomatic correspondents of two papers. Talking about the weather, presumably, now that the meteorologists' strike is over and we are once more allowed to know how hot it is.

Deputy Premier Allon answered in Mr. Rabin's absence, and he was equally indignant. Leaks? Shocking. We shall do something about it. He seemed almost surprised at the constant loud interruptions by Tamir. After all, wasn't he agreeing with him? Tamir called out in what seemed a threatening tone that if he were given the authority of the Attorney General and the Minister of Police for a mere three weeks he would stop the leaks. Whom would he put in prison, the newsmen or the ministers' aides? Allon told him smoothly to put in an application next time the posts fell vacant.

A visiting lawyer, speaking about the Watergate affair, said recently that no libel law protects persons in American public life. Once you choose to stand for public office there is no recourse even against malicious untruths. He added that even if there were a libel law for politicians, judges who are elected, not appointed for life, would go very easy with any newspaper charged with libel. When you get down to it, all our ministers are elected, and only such doughty warriors as Mr. Pinhas Sapir, now Jewish Agency Chairman, ever chose to get into a fight with a newspaper. The leaks will go on, often of more interest to rival newsmen than the indifferent reader.

NEW IMMIGRANTS

Tax free!

A FULL RANGE OF

Westinghouse

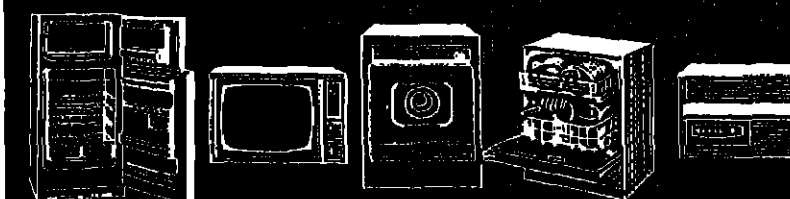
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES
WITH ELECTRA'S EXPERIENCED
COUNTRYWIDE SERVICE.

EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT AN AMERICAN OR CANADIAN CITIZEN
YOU CAN ALSO BUY Westinghouse APPLIANCES
EXEMPT FROM PURCHASE TAX.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT OUR OFFICES:

ELECTRA

- TEL AVIV, 34 PETACH TIKVAH RD., TEL. 39721
 - JERUSALEM, 30 YAFFO ROAD, TEL. 224750
 - HAIFA, 18-20 HERZL STREET, TEL. 840000
 - BEERSHEBA, 26 HERZL STREET, TEL. 72211
 - EILAT, NEW COMMERCIAL CENTER, TEL. 2933
 - NEW YORK, AIRLEX INT. CORP. 8 EAST 39TH STREET, TEL. 683-1460
- ALSO AT AUTHORISED DEALERS



You can be sure if it's Westinghouse



Midreshet Sde Boker

NETIV ANGLI

English Language High School

11th and 12th grades
Now in its sixth year

- Physical Science and Humanities
 - Numerous elective courses
 - Pleasant dorm accommodation
 - Motivational approach
 - Best synthesis of Anglo-Saxon and Israeli society
- Study for high-ranking Israel Matriculation (Bagrut) Certificate

For further information write to:

Dr. Ervin Birnbaum
Netiv Angli
Midreshet Sde Boker

or call:

Tel. 057-80051/58/40.



Prime Minister's Office
National Council for Research and Development
National Center of Scientific and Technological Information
84 Rehov Hahashmonaim, P.O.B. 20125, Tel Aviv, Tel. 288261

COURSE IN TECHNICAL LIBRARIANSHIP

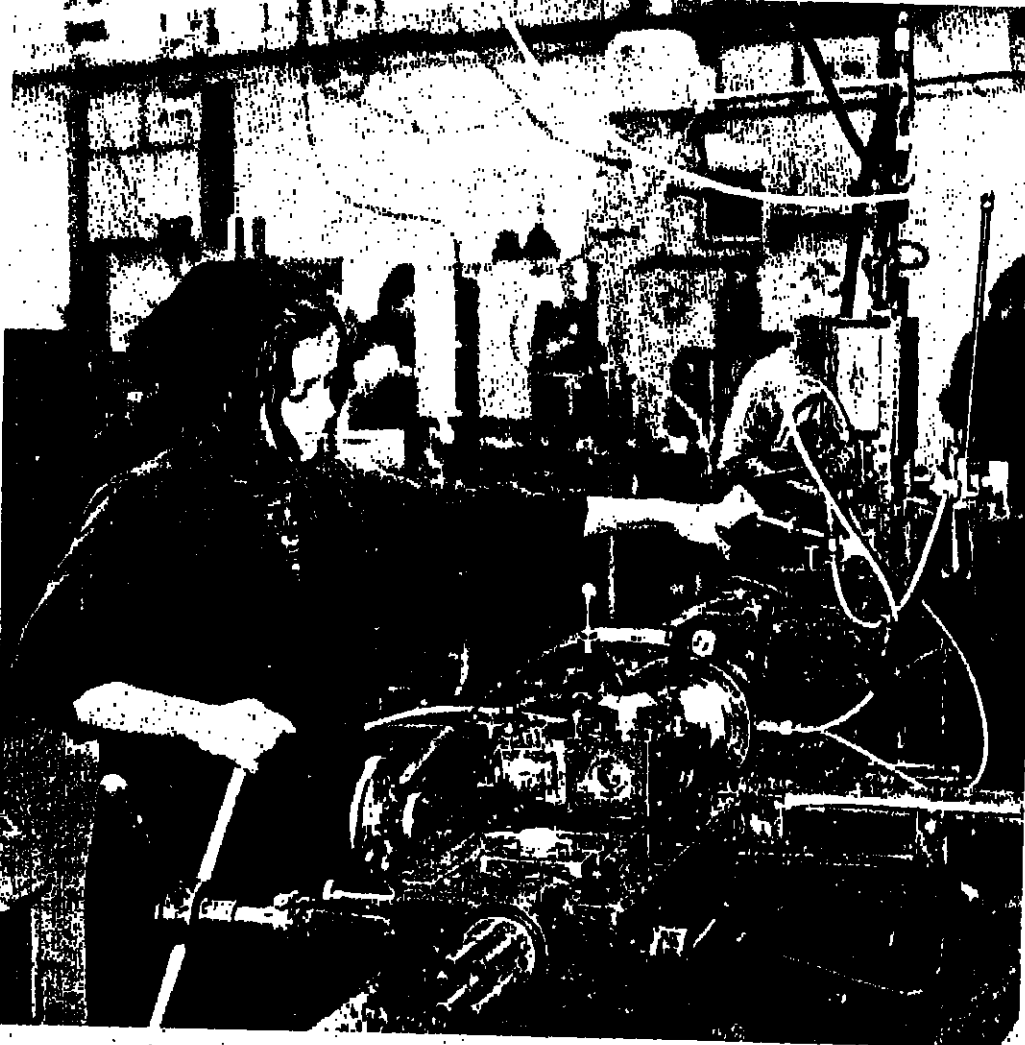
A course comprising 3 semesters, under the direction of Mrs. L. Vilenchuk, is offered, commencing October 1975. The course prepares students for examinations of the Israel Library Association (ILA) for a certificate of "Librarian" — Special Libraries. Applications are invited from persons with at least completed secondary education (not less than grade 8 in English), and a certificate of "Assistant Librarian" of ILA (average grade at least "fairly good"), or equivalent. Application forms may be obtained (till August 1, 1975) from Mrs. L. Eisenberg at the above address.

FACTORY IN THE GARDEN

Nowadays it is the rule rather than the exception for a kibbutz to engage in industry. DAVID KRIVINE recently paid a return visit to Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi, in Upper Galilee, which has combined manufacturing with agriculture since its foundation 25 years ago.



Today Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi is green. (Below left) A kibbutz girl handles the lathe confidently. (Below right) The castings factory in full swing — a multi-million lire enterprise.



IT HAD BEEN, if anything, depressing. The ground was covered with stones and boulders. When they removed the stones, and tried to plough a bit, the blade only turned up more stones. They lived in huts, were pestered by flies. It was the edge of a small plateau. Down below, invisible, ran the Jordan River. The opposite bank, rising empty and desolate to a bare hill-top, was Syria.

The date: April 1950. The place: Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi. I visited there again last month, after a 25-year interval.

"That used to be Syria," they told me, pointing to the same hillside, now better designated as the Golan Heights. Where I stood were grass, flowerbeds, trees — and no flies. Kfar Hanassi is not the most stylish-looking

settlement; but it is clean, comfortable — and Chokney. Most surprising is that the British settlers stayed. Not all of them; but others joined later, from England, Scotland, Australia even. Add a ferment of young volunteers from the English-speaking world, and the result is a place which retains the wondrous flavour (humorous, comradely, quarrelsome, socialist) of those Hahonim camps on England's southern coast — when the word Palestinian still meant Jew.

WE SAT in the apartment of Alice Port, now, predictably, Aliza Namali. Present were Michael Cohen, of Glasgow, who heads Hahonim Cast Products Ltd., the settlement's factory, and Alfi (Avraham) Nathan, in

charge of the company's sales; Johnny Tendler (now Tenna), who has nothing to do with the factory, but runs the chicken farms; and "Mossy" Grodzky (now Ha'Meir), in charge of avocado production.

The impressive thing is that today the chickens, the avocado, the cotton fields, the forge, are each and every one of them a major technological sector. The men look the same good-natured, idealistic amateurs, pretending to be farmers, pretending to be an economic branch, pretending, for that matter, to be the elements of a new nation-state. At the time it seemed a dream. When camp was over, we were back at school, jobs, college. Some stayed behind on *hakshara*, preparation for kibbutz life. They took the dream seriously; the amateurs tried

very hard to turn professional. But how come a metal forge? Michael, whose Scottish burr provides a pleasant counterpoint to the London verbal clatter, is no engineer. He studied Semitics in his day. He recalls the factory's beginnings: "I stood with a French instruction manual in my hand, telling the moulder what to do next."

Haimke is mentioned. Who is he? "We found him in a DP camp during World War II," Alfi retails. "We dressed Haimke as a soldier, smuggled him into England, got him later to the David Eder farm," (a kibbutz in Kent).

In due course, Haimke came to Palestine as an "illegal" immigrant, was deflected to Cyprus. Now he is due to get up at 2 a.m.

and switch on the furnace in the factory. "Another man is our expert in stainless steel. He used to sell suits for Montague Burton." Great work — but how does all this add up to an industry? They purse their lips reflectively. Well, the land was bad for cultivation. (As in other cases, the site was not chosen for purely agrarian reasons.) The initial settlement group was big for a garh — 100 people; employment had to be found for all. Minky knew about metals (that is Yitzhak Minkoff, now Professor of Metallurgy at the Technion). Together with Joe Cina, he thought up the idea of making brass drainage-castings. Then they tried fire-fighting fittings. Only in 1953 did the Jewish Agency come up with a more serious

proposal, to produce irrigation equipment out of aluminium. It was imported at the time from the United States. The kibbutz makes irrigation fittings to this day, also certain — strictly undefined — iron castings for the defence authorities.

THEY ARE what might be called collective capitalists. Turnover last year was IL15m., this year they expect it to be IL20m. — just from the factory. When asked about profits, they change the subject.

Avocados: 200 dunams, mostly for export. "But I thought the land was poor?"

So it was. Mossy thinks back to days gone by: "We tried everything, nothing went. Till we hit upon avocados. Would you believe it, this bad soil is good for avocados?"

There were many years of obstinate toil and trial before the present happy outcome.

One begins to see the strength of a kibbutz as an organization. It falls, it tries again: it does not dissolve, cease its efforts, close down. Poverty is shared, one branch maintains the others till these others find a way forward.

"Do you know what a *gemach* is? It's short for *gemilut hassadim*." They explain that in their parlance, the term for charity refers to a help-out loan, short-term, without interest charges or signed contracts. The kibbutz gave *gemachim* to Hahonim Castings.

It is evident that the kibbutz is new to prosperity. The industry kept losing money. When it achieved a proper technical standard — it ran into the recession of 1966/67. There was a toy-car factory, Samda-Koor, a separate enterprise that is now being wound up.

But the castings factory moves ahead confidently. The place is professional indeed now, with a (diminutive) X-ray unit, a heat-treatment plant, a testing laboratory, a marketing man in Nairobi, another in Nicaragua.

Three kibbutzim, all manufacturing irrigation equipment, have a joint distribution company called Ravit. Michael points out: "Each is from a different kibbutz movement. We are Huh (once linked with Mapai); Hatzor is Hashomer Hatzair (Mapai); Givat Brenner is Meuhad (once linked to Ahdut Avoda). The first case over of the three trends having a jointly-owned concern."

WHAT ABOUT hired labour? More than half the factory's personnel are wage-earners from neighbouring Hatzor (the township, not the kibbutz). There is a good deal of nail-biting about that. The younger generation in Kfar Hanassi are openly contemptuous of what they see as a breach of principles. The old-timers are more pragmatic. After all, did not Ben-Gurion himself call on the kibbutzim to create employment for jobless people in the development areas?

The wage-earning workers also divide into veterans and youngsters. The old-timers recognize their relationship with the kibbutz as something different from the usual attitude towards a boss.

Say the kibbutzniks: "These workers were with us in the hard times. They remember when our toilets were holes in the ground. Today their living standards do not lag behind ours."

That is true. Life in the kibbutz is plain, without frills. But abundance exists where it is needed. Meals in the dining-hall tempt to over-eating. Michael heads a

multi-million pound enterprise, yet picks up his tray and cutlery like the rest of us, as in a self-service restaurant. After the meal we upturn our dishes into metal baskets on a moving belt — and that's the washing-up done.

There is a swimming-pool; a large lounge with armchairs, newspapers and a coffee bar; a library; a TV room; a shop. The shop is a mini-supermarket. Members may buy coffee, sweetmeats, playthings for the children, obtain toilet articles, light bulbs.

"Aren't bulbs provided by the kibbutz?" "They're free of charge. Some other items also. — toilet paper, for instance."

These amenities are supplied by the kibbutz out of its earned income. Now that the industrial sector has become profitable, it provides investment funds for the agricultural part — avocados last year, the chickens this.

"And we gradually repay our loans. And we improve the members' living standards."

Each member has his "personal budget." He has two and a half weeks' holiday a year, can go to the "Kibbutz Hotel" in Netanya, or wherever else he pleases, since he pays the cost himself.

"How do your factory's customers abroad feel about doing business with a kibbutz?"

Alfi is a brisk, practical individual: "We don't talk about it. I'm a businessman, I represent a firm, that's all."

Michael is more communicative. "Some send their children to spend a summer here. They are always amazed to find a full-blown factory in such a rural setting. But that's going to change."

"Why?" "Well, the Government's building an industrial park nearby, between here and Rosh Pina, right next to the Mahanayim airfield. So the area won't look so remote or countrified any more."

THE KIBBUTZ will still be pastoral. Ten kilometres away is the Mount of the Beatitudes. Straight ahead, those Golan Hills continue to brood. As you walk out of your guest-flat (without needing to lock the door), you do not hit a road, traffic, the smell of motor fuel. You emerge instead into a large garden or small park, with buildings dotted about, and the sound of birds singing.

One of the *haverim* explains: "Becoming a member of a kibbutz means accepting a certain discipline that does not exist in the ordinary way. The discipline of linking your personal life to the life of the collective." It is not an imposed discipline, as in an army unit or a monastery. It is the moral discipline of, so to speak, the extended family.

Three members of Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi don't work, because they can't do anything useful: they have slightly gone off the rails. In the city they would probably be treated as social cases. Here they are not, because they belong to the family. They live like all the others, eat in the dining-hall and get their personal budget, just as if they did work.

The factory struggles to interest the young members in joining its staff. But these brawny types do not like to be enclosed between four walls — and financial inducements do not exist.

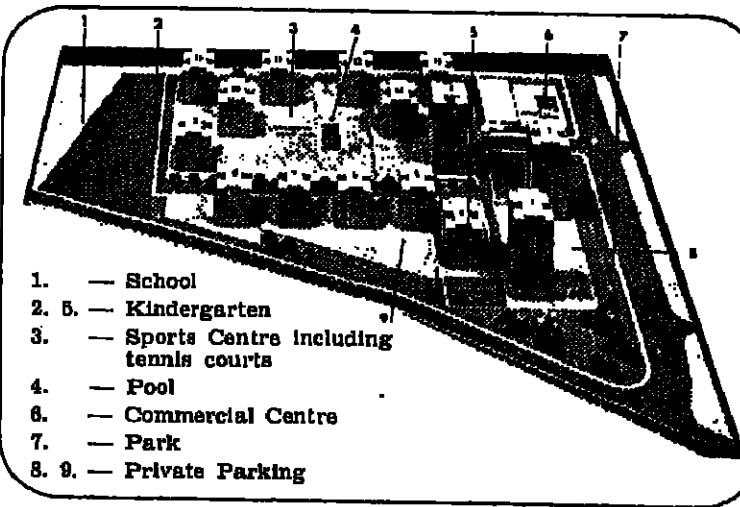
"We're going to have a recruitment drive within the kibbutz," says Michael. The intention is not to expand, but to diminish the dependence on employed labour. A kibbutz industry can only be so over-eating. Michael heads a

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

The American standard of Naveh luxury apartments, combined with community facilities, puts them in a class by themselves — exclusive! But high standard does not necessarily mean high prices.

You are invited to visit our sales offices and see for yourself:

NAVEH AMIRIM



1. — School
2. 5. — Kindergarten
3. — Sports Centre including tennis courts
4. — Pool
6. — Commercial Centre
7. — Park
8. 9. — Private Parking

For your choice: 3 bedroom apartment in RAMAT NAVEH (facing the Ramat Aviv Hotel), 3 and 4 bedroom apartments in NAVEH AMIRIM (Herzliya, bordering Ramat Hasharon) and fabulous penthouses.

NAVEH Construction Co. Ltd.
A subsidiary of Property and Building Corp. Ltd.

Main office
55 Reh. Arlosoroff, Tel Aviv, Tel. 03-240122/8
Open: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday — 8 a.m.—1 p.m.
Wednesday, Friday — 4 p.m.—6 p.m.
Saturday — 8 a.m.—1 p.m.

Model Apartment
and sales office in Naveh Amirim, Ben-Gurion St. Herzliya. Tel. 03-886408
Open: Sunday—Thursday — 10 a.m.—1 p.m.
Friday — 4 p.m.—6 p.m.
Saturday — 10 a.m.—2 p.m.

ORIENT LLOYD OFFERS MORE with its organized Tours to

U.S.A.-MEXICO

Sept. 4 — Oct. 19, 1975
Accompanied for the 5th time by Mr. Menahem Shumer
New York — Washington — Los Vegas — Grand Canyon — Los Angeles — Hollywood — San Francisco — Chicago — Niagara Falls — New York
Comprehensive coast-to-coast tour. High-light: tour of Mexico — the whole gamut of modern life and the cradles of ancient Aztec art.

ENCHANTING FAR EAST

Sept. 20 — Oct. 24, 1975
Accompanied for the 3rd time by Mr. Max Danziger
India — Nepal — Singapore — Thailand — Hong Kong — Japan — Philippines — Persia.
Who has not wanted to see these fairy-tale countries with their fabulous art, kaleidoscope of life, and landscapes only found in this part of the world.

Prospectuses of these organized tours (free of travel tax where possible) at your travel agent or at

ORIENT LLOYD Ltd.

Tel Aviv: 56 Allenby Rd., Tel. 56281/2; Ramat Gan: 26 Rehov Bialik, Tel. 738138

WE take care of all preparations while YOU travel carefree!

Tempt Them With Ptitim

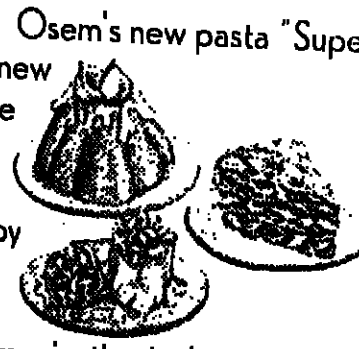


"Ptitim" is the Hebrew word for

Osem's tempting range of short-cut Macaroni. Tempt them with "Elbows" or Twirls with "Horns" and "Shells" and dozens of other interesting shapes. Tempt and surprise them with something new every day: Cool and refreshing Ptitim salads, French Pata made of Ptitim, Chili-Con-Carne, stuffed peppers with Ptitim, and even unusual mouth-watering desserts made from Osem's Ptitim.

"HORN" SALAD Cook 1 pack of Osem's "Horns" or "Shells" of the new "Super" quality according to instructions. Then rinse in cold water, strain, and place in a serving dish. Cut 100 gr. of "Salami" sausage and 100 gr. of Turkey sausage into long, thin strips. Then do the same to 4 pickled cucumbers and 2 gamba. Add these

products from the bright new factory at YOKNEAM are nourishing, economical, and so easy to prepare. They give you new ideas by the hundreds to serve to family and guests. And they're so versatile, your imagination is the only limit on what you can serve! Try this delicious recipe:



to the serving dish. Put in a glass 6 tablespoons of cooking oil, 2 tbsps. of vinegar, 1 tbsps. of mustard, 1/2 tbsps. of salt and a pinch of pepper. Mix well until there is sauce consistency. Then pour over the dish. Mix all ingredients together smoothly and garnish with 1 tbsps. of petrosilia.

Now you can eat better with **SUPER** pasta from Osem

"THE COMPUTER is over there."

"Over there" is a short walk across the desert sand to where yet another army vehicle serves yet another function. We are somewhere in Sinai, with an artillery unit of heavy (28.2 tons) self-propelled guns. They are, by and large, what is referred to by the phrase, "Our forces returned the fire."

A computer in the desert should not be so remarkable, considering all that has been published about "automated warfare." Yet to a civilian who happens to spend a day with men whose job is to hit increasingly distant, unseen targets, the meeting with reality is full of surprises.

Discoveries range from the fact that up to 16 layers of atmosphere are analysed by the "balloon men" of the unit's meteorology team to the fact that the soldiers here, of whom about 15 per cent are new immigrants, could probably take a national prize for high spirits.

It all boils down to two things: technology and humanity. Both have changed rapidly in the Artillery Corps in the last few years. Artillery's ultimate ancestor was the bow-and-arrow, now a costume-piece; but even the present emblem of the Corps — a picturesque little gun on two wheels with a Napoleonic-War flavour — does a bad job of symbolizing the equipment.

As aiming the guns becomes more and more complicated, the men of the Corps have also been changing.

"When I first was assigned here it was hard to find somebody to talk to," one of the new immigrants in the unit told me. The problem, as he put it, was that the culture level did not appeal to him; it centred on "listening to records by Umm-Khattum. Now it was different: one of the newer new immigrants spends his free time reading Hermann Hesse.

The different categories of the newcomers and their varying periods of army service depending on family status and age help to account for the decision to concentrate them in the Artillery Corps, since some of the jobs can be taught relatively quickly, and do not require a sophisticated level of Hebrew. A corollary is the new policy of stationing Hebrew teachers at this forward line. Now, girls like Pnina, the teacher at this unit, have enthusiastic students in tents practically under the barrels of the guns.

UNIT JOKE: One of the guns got a white rim painted around its number because more than half its crew were new immigrants. Shmuel, from Russia, was one of the very first to find himself here: last year he was chosen as one of the 80 outstanding soldiers of the entire Corps, and was presented to the Prime Minister.

Boris, also from Russia, arrived in Israel a little over a year ago. "My Hebrew was weak then — but shells seem to understand Russian." Laughter from other new immigrants, among them Wilfred, who came from Paris five years ago at 16, first trained as a medic in the Army, and has now learned practically every job of the crew. Then there is Morris, from England, and Motti, from Argentina, and Moshe, from Kovno, who at 28 is the "old man" of the unit. Tall and bearded, he was a technology student in Russia — and also a prisoner for over a year, before being allowed to emigrate.

"I was lucky in having as my guide for the day Segen-Mishne. Another sabra, Segen Eli, the



THE TIRELESS GUNNERS

This has been Artillery Week, and two of The Jerusalem Post's reporters have been visiting the Corps to see the latest developments in this arm of the Israeli Defence Forces. **HELGA DUDMAN** concentrated mainly on the men, and **RONNIE HOPE** (next page) on the guns operated by these skilled technicians.

man in charge of the unit, puts it all simply: "Out here they see the importance of what they are doing."

"Look how the boys have fixed up our Shekem, all on their own," he said proudly. This Shekem is a tent trying valiantly to be a discotheque in the dunes, with painted and decorated tube-like ordnance casings, a phonograph, piles of records of soft drinks, soldiers' cases of soft drinks. "Notice that everything here is unlocked," Jeff went on with paternal fondness. "You won't find that in many places."

Among the new immigrants, Zionism both with and without quotation marks comes quickly into the conversation, and without any leading questions.

Pnina, the Hebrew teacher: "People sometimes assume that I'm dosing out Zionism to them. That's not true — in fact, just the opposite is the case. They're indoctrinating me."

Jeff, who came from North America three years ago. A slim boy of 23 with a younger sister also in the army and twin brothers about to go in, Jeff is totally absorbed in his new life.

"My four-year-old son, when he comes to visit, calls them 'tanks'," Yitzhak, the Commander, commented rather scornfully. The real name, in Hebrew, is *tomat* (for mobile, or self-propelled gun). Four make up a battery. Auxiliary vehicles have names such as "Zelda," "Alpha," and "Rio." They can operate as single units or as a concerted force.

Flexible structure gives each battery a "mini-brain-centre," in addition to the central one with the field computer.

There is a special tension in not seeing the enemy, in not knowing what is coming from where in this

duel which is never face-to-face. "But there's a terrific satisfaction in hitting a target 32 kilometres away," said Segen Eli. Every effort is made to show the men their achievements visually, via trips closer to the border and aerial photographs.

The computer is under the direction of Segen Ronen, one of the most unflappable young men I have seen in a long time. His is one of the many jobs in the Corps that require cool nerves for making technical decisions in combat: the translation of incoming data into operational directions. And this field computer, I was happy to hear, can operate in temperatures up to 55°C — unlike the effete computers in town, which go to pieces unless air-conditioned.

Feeling extremely guilty, I came upon the Meteorology Unit during rest period, in the hottest part of the day. The "balloon men" were relaxing in their tent next to the vehicle carrying the weather-reporting equipment. All smiles, in swim-trunks and

barefoot, they came out of the shade to explain about balloons (as they are unfolded, they look somewhat like old-fashioned underwear) which send up "Radiosonde" equipment.

"Don't you remember me? I'm Yitzhak the messenger, from The Jerusalem Post in Jerusalem," said one boy emerging from the tent, grinning widely and sending warm greetings back to the staff. (Earlier, at headquarters, I had met the cousin of a colleague in The Post's Tel Aviv office. Which does not mean that it is a small Sinai or a small army, but rather that encounters out there underline the contacts that we all have with one another). Another boy in the Meteorology Unit climbed into the vehicle to show me the "Radiosonde," a gadget in a white plastic housing which, once aloft in its balloon, sends back messages on humidity, wind direction, and velocity — all part of the long chain of measurements and decisions needed to propel the shell from here to there.

A REGULAR inspection by the Commander happened to be scheduled the day of my visit. During lunch (in a tin shed — with excellent food), Segen Eli (officers eat with their men) rose and said, "Inspection is at four. We're all tired, we've been working hard. But I don't want us to have to go through this again. So everybody, between now and then, will do everything that needs to be done."

Very earnestly, Eli listed what required attention:

"I won't even mention the external condition of the guns. But I've noticed some sand... Give a final polish to the windows of the 'Alpha,' they're covered with dust..."

Concluding with a mention of "personal hygiene," down to the state of military underwear, Eli sat down and returned to his schnitzel.

He told me later that he had volunteered for the Artillery: "I chose it because it's one of the most rapidly developing and expanding fields. Besides, it's a wonderful introduction to all the other branches of the Army, because we have contact with so many."

Eli's job is that of Supporting Artillery Officer. This means he moves up ahead, alone, during combat, to observe visually the accuracy of aim and report back corrections. Jeff's function, that of the most junior officer, is Forward Observation Officer. This task, again solitary, means choosing the next combat site to which the battery will move, calculating its precise location, and arranging for its marking with those red-and-white metal poles which resemble the more peaceable equipment archaeologists use for indicating scale on sites.

I have already forgotten which is the "Alpha," and which the "Zelda," but all the scenes of welcome remain very clear. It is hardly a matter of traditional desert hospitality, because the same thing happens in similar units in the Golan Heights.

PERHAPS it's a question of youth: there are no reservists here, and the fatherly officers are not far past 20. Perhaps the cliché from the October War still holds true: the further you get from the centre of the country, the higher the morale. And perhaps satisfaction has less to do with sand, heat and flies, than with having clear and respected direction, clear-cut tasks, and knowing their importance.



Orewloading self-propelled 155mm. gun. (Centre) Down-the-barrel view of 155mm. gun. (Right) Gunner wearing helmet with built-in communication headset. (Newsphot, IDF)

TARGETS FOR ARTILLERY

Ronnie Hope

IN JERUSALEM last week, more than 80 people were killed or wounded by a terrorist bomb made of an old refrigerator with about four or five kilograms of high explosives built into its side walls. One artillery shell of a widely-used type consists of over 40 kilos of steel and explosives. In a matter of minutes, hundreds of them can blast a target with remarkable accuracy at a range of roughly 18 kilometres.

The type of shell can be selected to suit the target. Against infantry, there are shells which burst in the air, blasting a wide area with shock waves and spraying it with jagged shrapnel fragments. Others, for use against fortified bunkers, explode only when they have burrowed deep through sand or concrete — and 40 kgs. moving at over twice the speed of sound penetrate deep.

An artillery barrage not only kills, wounds or stuns men; it also

shatters radar and radio antennas, sets fire to ammunition and fuel dumps, wrecks vehicles, raises huge clouds of smoke and dust, and generally causes shock and confusion in the ranks of the enemy.

The Artillery Corps was for many years one of the less esteemed branches of the Israel Army. Priority in budgets and manpower went to the Air Force and the Armoured Corps, believed to be more compatible with the doctrines based on direct attack and mobility always favoured in the IDF.

The ratio of artillery pieces to tanks was allowed to slip far below that considered necessary in most other armies, especially the Arab ones, whose doctrines are based on the Soviet faith in the efficacy of the massive, lengthy barrage. There was some significant change during and after the 1969-71 war of attrition on the Suez Canal front, when the importance of artillery became more evident. But when the war of October 1973 came, there was still a lopsided imbalance in the IDF's composi-

tion. The lack of artillery was felt especially in the Israeli counterattacks, when tanks were humbled by small groups of infantrymen armed with missiles and rockets, who might have been largely neutralized if the objective had been softened up by artillery barrages rolling in ahead of the tanks.

The attitude which allowed this disproportion to develop was based in part on the belief that the Air Force was capable of providing almost all the needed support for the ground forces. The error of this conception was one of the major lessons drawn from the last war. Today, the share of the artillery in tactical doctrine has been sharply upgraded and the Corps, under the command of Tati Aluf Natan Sharon, is being given the means and the men to make a decisive contribution in future battles.

IN ARMY SLANG, light shelling is "drizzle"; what the Artillery Corps is now aiming for is the ability to rain a cloudburst of shells on any given target. For an

artillery bombardment to achieve maximum effect it must be massive and dense.

The first requirement of the artillery revolution was to acquire as many new guns as possible and to set up and train the new units to operate them, equipped with the last word in ammunition and the sophisticated technical instruments, including computers, which ensure efficient utilisation of firepower.

The Corps has long surpassed the goals set in a programme drawn up before the Yom Kippur War and intended to be implemented in some years' time. The main source of new units is the U.S., but some of the made pieces. Not only are there now many more guns, but their average range is considerably longer than before the Yom Kippur War. In a recent review of the growth in Israel's military strength, the Prime Minister singled out the Artillery and said that its power had grown by 80 per cent.

The most recently announced

acquisition is the American-made 155mm. M109 A-1, a long-barreled version of the M109, which has been in service with the IDF since before 1973. The new gun has a range of 18 kms., as compared to its predecessor's 14.5. Among the important features of this gun, which costs some \$250,000, is its tank-like revolving turret and fighting compartment which gives the crew complete protection from everything but a direct hit.

Almost all the guns now in service with the Corps are self-propelled, exceptions being the Soviet-made field guns, whose long range makes up to some extent for the fact that they have to be towed.

Experts place the highest importance on the trend towards self-propelled guns. Tracked like tanks, they can go almost anywhere and need not confine themselves to positions close to roads, like the towed, wheeled cannon.

Their mobility also means that, within minutes, they can move away from positions detected by

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR (Cameri). A typical hot-weather, laugh-a-minute comedy by the British playwright Alan Ayckbourn. Plenty of visual gags which work well under Sam Walters' direction. Hanna Marron, Gila Almogor, Ticky Dayan have a great time playing three different types of women. Tel Aviv (Cameri). Thurs.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS (Cameri). Shakespeare's comedy is full of puns, word plays, topical allusions by translator-adaptor Dan Almogor, and full of gags contributed by director Peter James. Plenty of laughs — watch Zahariva Harifal deliver a sexy song — but adds up to little considering the size of the show, all the effort and money that went into it. Haifa (Municipal Theatre) Sat., Sun. 8:30.

COBOLANUS — Shakespeare — (Cameri). Directed by Peter Dewa, with Oded Teomi, Orna Forst, Shlomo Vishinsky, Shimon Bar and more. Tel Aviv (Cameri). Mon., Tues.

GLUCKEL OF HAMMELIN — Yiddish Art Theatre. A historical play about a Jewish woman in 17th century Germany. Directed by Ida Kaminka who also plays the title role (not yet reviewed). Tel Aviv (Nachmani) Sat. Tel Aviv (Belt Arlosoroff) Tues.

THE JOKE (Haifa). Yehoshua Sobol's new play about a group of reservists in a bunker on the Golan Heights is terribly funny and very sad, and beautifully authentic. Excellent acting by the all-male cast of six under Neta Chilton's direction. Jerusalem (Kham) Wed. Haifa (Theatre) Thurs.

LITTLE SHARGA — Haifa Theatre. Stage Three. Tel Aviv (Tzavta) Sat. 8:30, and 10:30. Haifa (Belt Rothchild) Mon.

CRUELTEST IS THE KING (Haifa). The first play of Nissim Aloni first performed by Habimah in 1955, about King Jeroboam Ben

Nevat who "sinned and caused others to sin," shows the seed of a talent which eventually made of its author Israel's foremost and most controversial playwright. (Not yet reviewed) Tel Aviv (Cameri) Sat. Sun. Haifa (Theatre) Mon., Tues.

OF LIGHT-MINDEDNESS AND HYPOCRISY (Habimartel). The 18th century play by Rob Aaron Wolfson, a fighter against the religious establishment. In Germany, in brilliantly funny modern dress, by director Omri Nitzan. Fun all the way. Tel Aviv (Habimartel). Fri. 10:00 (Small Hall). Sat. Mon., Tues., Thurs. 8:30.

A SLIGHT ACHES AND LANDSCAPE (Cameri). Two short plays by Harold Pinter written in his ambiguous manner, showing glimpses of the mysterious menace under the smooth surface of ordinary life. Under Peter James' direction. Hanna Marron and Yossi Yadin deliver virtuoso performances. Tel Aviv (Tzavta) Sat. 8:30.

THREE WIDOWS — Gideon Shefer appears as the narrator of a beautiful, sad story about a man who lived a vicarious life as the friend and protector of his mother, daughter and granddaughter. All three "successfully" widowed. Mishmar Hanegov, Fri. Jerusalem (Pargod) Sat. Kfar Hadarom, Mon. Milapah Shalom, Tues.

INCEST (Tzavta). Shimon Lev-Arie in a one-man play about the painter Van Gogh. A well intended and highly civilized production which, however, lacks in excitement. (See review). Tel Aviv (Tzavta). Tues. 9:00.

THE VISIT (Cameri). The revival of Friedrich Schreinemakers' play about a latter day Shylock who offers an impoverished town fabulous riches in return for the life of one citizen is a fascinating show, funny and biting and full of cruel ironies. Great spectacle by Yosef Milo. Jerusalem, Thurs. 8:30.

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise

JERUSALEM Israel Festival opens with — The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Lukas Foss conducting, with Alfreida Hodgson, John Michinson, Natascha Tadsen — works by E.W. Sternberg, Mozart & Mahler — at Binyoni Ha'otzma, Saturday, at 8 p.m.

TEL AVIV Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Subscription Concert No.12 — Zubin Mehta conducting, Boris Belin, violin — Schoenberg, Paganini, Beethoven — Series 7: Saturday, at 8 Series 8: Monday.

"Aida" Opera by G. Verdi, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, with guest singers from the Metropolitan Opera, New York, and the La Scala, Milano, conducted by Zubin Mehta — in concert form: Sunday and Thursday.

GAZBARA Israel Festival opens with — The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Lukas Foss conducting, with Alfreida Hodgson, John Michinson, Natascha Tadsen, at the National Park: Monday. Transportation from Tel Aviv, Haifa, Netanya (Bogged Tours).

LIGHT MUSIC

ARK EINSTEIN AND THE CHURCHILL "Go Slow" (Tzavta). Tamas Group — First — Shalom Hanoch, Ariel Zilber, Adam Seidel. Tel Aviv (Tzavta) Fri. Midnight.

PADOM, PADOM, PADOM Songs of Edith Piaf. Tel Aviv (Tzavta). Sat. 11:00. Mon. 9:00.

THAT'S ALL FOR THE TIME BEING (Tzavta) — Evening of Songs. Yehoshua Gelfin. Daul Litani. Tel Aviv (Tzavta). Fri. 9:00.

ISRAEL CLASSICAL BALLET (Israel Festival): Serenade — Tchaikovsky (George Balanchine) Electro-Bach (Felix Blasko): Epitaphs — Tchaikovsky (Sera Yampolsky). Sweet Agony — Havens-Hendrick (Sera Yampolsky) — Tzavta (Amphitheatre) Mon. 9:00.

BAT DOD DANCE COMPANY Requiem for Sunda (Gena Hill Sagan): Peepshow (Walter Gore): Beyond the Stars (Gena Hill Sagan): New Work (Robert Condit): Ashdod (Olympia) Mon. 8:30. Tel Aviv (Robert Cohen): Peepshow (Walter Gore): Song of Joy (Lar Lubovitch): Victim (Walter Gore): Tel Aviv (Habimartel) Thurs. 8:30.

quintet, a new style may be on the cards. For the present, this is an entertaining elope. "An entertaining elope" would be an understatement to describe the bundle of shenanigans that released by songstress ROBERTA FLACK (alias Rubina Flack — see also sleeve-notes), entitled **FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE** (Atlantic Records SD 18181).

One slides through the nine delicious bands of groovy music with more ease than a run down the grand staircase at St. Peter's. The technical precision and presentation are superb, with wacky, sensuous, stereo sounds seeping out from every corner of one's speakers. Steve Wonder has penned the best tune Roberta in "I Can See The Stars" (L.A.W.)

OPERA

The Israel National Opera presents: Karm "Shov Bos!" produced by Edis De-Philippis; conductors: A. Levanon/A. Tarski; cast: Susan Eliechberger, Judith Lynn, Melita Micula, Roberta Wain, Miriam Laron, Lois Luis, Scarpinati, Grava, Bar-Lev, Meira Shachar, Rodan, White, Reiz, Sharon Schwartz, Shmueli (Saturday and Thursday);

Puccini: "Madama Butterfly"; conductor: Fr. Chonet, cast: Susan Eliechberger, De-Stefano, Bar-Lev, Melita Micula, Roberta Wain, Naomi Pinkus, Kahana; Kalmi; Monday; "Countess Maritza"; conductors: A. Tarski/A. Levanon; cast: Miriam Laron, Schwartz, Ben-Shachar, Zipora Hochmann, Kahana, Sharon, Roberts Wain, Shmueli, Cherd (Tuesday).

DANCE

ISRAEL CLASSICAL BALLET (Israel Festival): Serenade — Tchaikovsky (George Balanchine) Electro-Bach (Felix Blasko): Epitaphs — Tchaikovsky (Sera Yampolsky). Sweet Agony — Havens-Hendrick (Sera Yampolsky) — Tzavta (Amphitheatre) Mon. 9:00.

BAT DOD DANCE COMPANY Requiem for Sunda (Gena Hill Sagan): Peepshow (Walter Gore): Beyond the Stars (Gena Hill Sagan): New Work (Robert Condit): Ashdod (Olympia) Mon. 8:30. Tel Aviv (Robert Cohen): Peepshow (Walter Gore): Song of Joy (Lar Lubovitch): Victim (Walter Gore): Tel Aviv (Habimartel) Thurs. 8:30.



Terrified passengers in "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three," starring Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw.

CINEMA

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE — Trag-comic tale of a woman trying to cope with sudden widowhood, and the need to support herself and her young son. Full of the endearing earnestness and vagaries of real life. Ellen Burstyn's Oscar-winning performance as the irrepressible widow is enchanting.

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDLEY KEAVENEY — Mortimer Richler's novel about an aggressively ambitious young Jew intent on making a fortune has been made into a film full of vitality, insight and humour. Dudley is objectionable but Richard Dreyfuss' performance is first-class.

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUN-DANCE KID — Re-issue that is worth seeing. Primarily an amusing caper which turns up characters Paul Newman and Robert Redford as a couple of bank robbers operating in U.S.A. at the turn of the century. Many exciting moments and the photography which passes from a simple to delicate colour is particularly pleasing. Directed by George Roy Hill.

CRINATOWN — An unorthodox, complicated and rather intriguing thriller set in Los Angeles of the late 'thirties with Jack Nicholson as a private eye and Faye Dunaway as an enigmatic widow with whom he gets involved. Directed by Roman Polanski.

CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER — Broad and breezy British sex-comedy about an amorous young window cleaner who spends more time climbing into beds with his clients, than climbing up ladders. Crude at times but mildly amusing.

DIAMONDS — Menachem Golan's latest is a handsome entertaining comedy-thriller, about an ingenious scheme to rob the Ramat Gan Diamond Exchange. Visually most attractive, with some particularly fine shots of Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, this Israeli-American co-production stars Robert Shaw, Richard Roundtree, Barbara Segall and Shelley Long. All in excellent form, with Shai K. Ophir and Yosef Shiloh heading the local cast.

EDITH Piaf — Tells of the famous chanteuse's life up to her first great success in 1936, in her first screen appearance. 18-year-old Brigitte Arlet gives a lively performance in the name role but generally the acting and direction (Guy Casaril) are on the original side. The songs, some actual Piaf

recordings and some sung by Betty Mars, are worth hearing.

THE FOUR MUSKETEERS — Second part of the Richard Lester film dealing with the "Savage of Milady" (Faye Dunaway). Less light-hearted than the first film with scenes of almost continuous violence and slapstick.

THE FRONT PAGE — Director Billy Wilder's version of the Ben Hecht-MacArthur play first filmed in 1931 is brashly amusing, fast-paced and most enjoyable. Jack Lemmon is first-class as top of/jrme reporter of his paper and Walter Matthau is even better as his editor.

THE GREAT GATSBY — F. Scott Fitzgerald's classic novel of the Jazz Age gets faithful-to-the-original treatment from scriptwriter Frances Ford Coppola with very opulent but slow treatment from director Jack Clayton. The amorphous Jay Gatsby is given a certain weight by Robert Redford, but while Mia Farrow looks lovely as high-spirited Daisy, her characterisation is weak and lacks conviction.

THE HIRELING — Haunting, early 1920's story of the relationship between a young English society widow and her chauffeur, brilliantly acted by Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw. Adapted by Wolf Mankowitz from L.P. Hartley's ("The Go-Between") novel, and directed with much sensitivity by Alan Bridges.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SALOMONICO — Sequel to "Salomonico" with the now-elderly hero realising the efforts of his children to move him out of the old family house where he lives alone, so that it can be sold to property developers. Tries to deal seriously with the problems of Israel's changing society and the elderly.

JEREMY — Tender and touching little place about first love between two adolescents at a New York music school. Flawless performance from Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor in a film, glowing with the hopes of young love, which never becomes mawkish.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING — Mixture of adventure and love story set in Arizona, desert in the late 19th century. Burt Reynolds plays a brigand with a sensitive soul while Sarah Miles is the husband-stealing woman he falls in love with. The most intriguing thing about the film is the title.

ROBIN HOOD — Walt Disney Productions' latest animated cartoon feature, in which all the legendary characters of Sherwood Forest are depicted as animals with human voice. Peter Ustinov, in great form as Prince John, a neurotic lion, leads all. The film gives us some lovable characters and plenty of chuckles. Ideal holiday fare for the kids.

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE — Ingmar Bergman's remarkable study of an intimate relationship with a magical performance by Liv Ullmann and fine acting by Brian Josephson as her husband. Three hours viewing that keeps the viewer's attention riveted throughout.

SNOOKER — Israeli comedy of errors about a pair of identical twins, one a good steady lad, the other a flighty partner in a rather parlor. Simple obvious humour in a film which is refreshingly free from violence and sex. With Yehuda Barkan, Zeev Ravah and Joseph Shilesh.

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE — Screen violence moves to new territory. A gripping story of a New York subway train hijacked for a million dollar ransom. Stars Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw. Tension interlarded with plenty of humour.

TOM SAWYER — Warm and cheerful musical version of Mark Twain's family classic. Starring red-headed Johnny Whiterry. A film to which to take the children.

THE TOWERING INFERNO — Suspenseful speculation about a raging conflagration in the world's tallest skyscraper with the heroes being equally shared between Paul Newman as the architect of the building and Steve McQueen as the Fire Brigade Chief. Burning with excitement.

WE: MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM — First film of Serbian writer-director Dusan Makavejev. He comes to Israel. Partly documentary on the life of psychologists late, Wilhelm Reich and partly a series of scenes commenting on Communism and Freudism with underlying theme of human liberation. Pictures on many levels, controversial, difficult to follow but original and provocative.

SANDY'S BRIDE — Superb acting from Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman. In an 18th-century of a demoralising Californian rancher whose mail-order bride turns out to be an independent woman, with no intention of being treated as his chattel.

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, July 12, 1975

ALLENBY Tel. 57820
10th week
JACK LEMMON
WALTER MATHAU
in a Billy Wilder film
THE FRONT PAGE
6, 7.50, 9.50

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 232750
17th week
THE TOWERING INFERNO
FAYE DUNAWAY
STEVE McQUEEN
PAUL NEWMAN
Sat. 8.15, 9.15
Weekdays 6, 9

CINEMA ONE Tel. 57952
Israel Premiere
BANDOLeros
MICHAEL FOREST
FRED HARRISON
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

CINEMA TWO
DARLING
JULIE CHRISTIE
4.30, 7.50, 9.50
Sat.: Fri. 12.30, 2.30
Weekdays 10.50, 12.30, 2.30;
Charlie Chaplin
The Funniest Man
in the World

CINERAMA
3rd week
The gay and happy
Israel film
SNOOKER
YEHUDA BARKAN
YOSSEF SHILOAH
Sat. 8, 10
Weekdays: 7.50, 9.50

ESTHER Tel. 235610
7th week
Israel film with
Seven Bar-Yotam
IT'll Be All Right, Salomoniko, Part II
Sat. 7.45, 10
weekdays: 4.30, 7.50, 9.50

DEKEL Tel. 454114/5
5th week
ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE
MILAN DUBSTYN
All week: 7.50, 9.50

HOD Tel. 226226
3rd week
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD BOWNDBRE
DIAMONDS
SHAIKE OPHIE
GADI YAGIL

CHEN Tel. 232755
3rd week
A WALT DISNEY Cartoon
of the world's
most popular legend
ROBIN HOOD
a Forum film in colour
Sat., 7.50, 9.50
Weekdays 4, 6, 8

DRIVE-IN CINEMA Tel. 477177
at 8.00 — 3rd week
THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD
at 10.15, a dramatic film
2nd week
Bright Victory
★ ANTHONY KENNEDY
★ PROBY DOW
8 Academy Awards
Midnight, Sat., 12.7
★ HOUVRIL
in the comedy
GROSS CASE

GAT Tel. 267888
Israel Premiere
APE AND SUPER APE
BERT HAANSTRA'S
Wonderful Film, in Colour
4.30, 7.15, 9.50

GORDON Tel. 244578
2nd week
EDITH PIAF
with BRIGITTE ARIEL
Sat. 8.30, 10.15
Weekdays, 4.30, 7.15, 9.50
A "FORUM FILM" in colour

LIMOR Tel. 260773
3rd week
Peepers in the Hotel Room
A Sex Comedy

MAXIM Tel. 287457
3rd week
Les Bidasses s'en vont en Guerre
Starring the Gay Charlots
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

MOGRABI Tel. 298351
7th week
JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
LEA MASARI
FEAR OVER THE CITY
(Four sur la ville)
Adults only
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

PARIS Tel. 236605
7th week
ZANDY'S BRIDE
10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.50

PEER Tel. 448795
Israel Premiere
JAMES CAAN
(THE GODFATHER)
THE GAMBLER
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, July 12, 1975

ARNON Tel. 224559
3rd week
WALT DISNEY'S
Snow White And The 7 Dwarfs
4-7-9

CHEN Tel. 232955
7th week
Israel film with
Neuman Bar-Yotam
IT'll Be All Right, Salomoniko, Part II
Sat. night 7.50, 9.50

EDEN Tel. 235559
3rd week
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD BOWNDBRE
GADI YAGIL
in Menahem Golan's
DIAMONDS
4-7-9

EDISON Tel. 234056
KIN TI FONG
WANG CHING
A great Karate film
A GIRL NAMED JRON PHOENIX

HABIRAH Tel. 233556
2nd week
WALTER MATHAU
MARTIN BALSAM
ROBERT SHAW
THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE

JERUSALEM
ROBERT REDFORD
PAUL NEWMAN
Butch Cassidy
and the Sundance Kid
7-9 only
Sat. night 7.50-9.50

OPHIE Tel. 615531
JACQUELINE BISSET
CHRISTOPHER YOUNG
THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

ONLY
1th week
The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz
RICHARD DREYFUS
BANDY QUAID
4.30, 7.15, 9.50

RAMAT AVIV
LE GRAND BAZAR
Fri. 10, 12
Sat. and Weekdays,
7.50, 9.50
Tues. also at 4.30

ROYAL Tel. 55551
3rd week
93 Rehe Hayarkon
2nd week
THE HIRELING
ROBERT SHAW
BARAT MILES
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

STUDIO Tel. 298317
Israel Premiere
JULIE ANDREWS
OMAR SHARIF
in Shaleh Bar-Yotam's film
THE TAMARIND SEED
4.30, 7.15, 9.50
A "FORUM FILM" in colour

TOHELET Tel. 448950
3rd week
WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY
WOODY ALLEN
4.30, 7.50, 9.50

MITCHELL
Rehov Strauss
3rd week
Israel film
SNOOKER
7-9, Weds. also at 4
Sat. night 7.50-9.50

ORGIL Tel. 234176
3rd week
The Front Page

ORION Tel. 22914
GEORGE SCAGL
ALAIN DELON
ANTHONY QUINN
Lost Command
Action film

ORNA Tel. 224733
6th week
ANTHONY BOOTH
SHILA WHITE
in the entertaining
English Comedy
CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER
For Adults Only

BON Tel. 234704
JEREMY

SEMDAR
3rd week
WE: The Mysteries Of The Organism
7-9 only
Sat. night 7.50-9.50

TEL AVIV Tel. 231181
2nd week
OLIVER REED
RAQUEL WELCH
RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN
THE FOUR MUSKETEERS
— Its four for fun
and fun for all

ZAFON Tel. 445085
15th week
Ingmar Bergman's latest film
SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE
Sat. 6, 9
Weekdays, 5.50, 8.45

Herzliya
TIFERT Tel. 985711
2nd week
7, 9.50
ROBERT REDFORD
MIA FARBOW
THE GREAT GATSBY

DAVID Tel. 984621
3rd week
4, 7.15, 9.50
SNOOKER
YEHUDA BARKAN
YOSSEF SHILOAH
JOSEPH SHILOAH

ORDEA Tel. 731720
3rd week
DIAMONDS
SHAIKE OPHIE
GADI YAGIL
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD BOWNDBRE
Sat. 8, 10
Charlie Chaplin
The Funniest Man
in the World

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, July 12, 1975

AMPHITHEATRE
A super comedy
Les Bidasses s'en vont en Guerre
3rd week
The Gay Charlots
in colour

ARMON Tel. 664348
Top musical adaptation of
Mark Twain's
TOM SAWYER
Music and lyrics by
Richard and Robert Sherman
for all the family
Perfs. 4.30, 6.45, 8.00
Wed. 4.00, 6.00

ATZMON
2nd week
JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
LEA MASARI
in a film of great suspense
FEAR OVER THE CITY
(PEUR SUR LA VILLE)
For Adults Only

CHEN Tel. 666272
WALT DISNEY'S
most unforgettable film
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs
3rd week
Week: 4.00, 6.00, 8.00
Sat. 6.45, 9.00

MIRON Tel. 663003
The Caressing First
an action Karate film
perfs. 10.00, 2.00, 7.00, 9.00
At 12.00, 4.00 p.m.
Tarzan and the Bridge
of Death

MORIAN Tel. 242477
5th week
OMAR SHARIF
in a two story
BREAKOUT
in colour
Perfs. 6.45, 9.00
Mats. at 4.00 p.m.
SIMITRIO

ORAH Tel. 664017
7th week
REUVEN DAR-YOTAM
in a very successful
Israel film
IT'll Be All Right, Salomoniko, Part II
in colour

RAMAT GAN Cinemas
ARMON Tel. 720708
2nd week
ROBERT REDFORD
MIA FARBOW
THE GREAT GATSBY
7.15, 9.50

MADAR Tel. 723822
7th week
Israel film with
Neuman Bar-Yotam
IT'll Be All Right, Salomoniko, Part II
7.15, 9.50

OLIVER
OLIVER REED
MARK LESTER
Mats.
Rabbi Jacob
with LOUIS DE FUNES

OASIS
3rd week
a Walt Disney Cartoon of the
world's most popular legend
ROBIN HOOD
a Forum Film in colour
Sat. 7.50, 9.50
Weekdays 4, 6, 8

ORDA Tel. 731720
3rd week
DIAMONDS
SHAIKE OPHIE
GADI YAGIL
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD BOWNDBRE
Sat. 8, 10
Charlie Chaplin
The Funniest Man
in the World

ORDAN Tel. 68344
A new Turkish film of
great success
No-one's Son
perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 8.00
in colour

ORION Tel. 683990
Israel premiere
A new spy film of action
7 Murders for the Scotland Yard
Six nonstop perfs.
from Friday

ONLY Tel. 61000
6th week
Roman Polanski's
greatest film,
CHINATOWN
3rd week
JACK NICHOLSON
FAYE DUNAWAY
Perfs. 8.30, 9.00
Mats. at 4.00 p.m.
Jack London's
The Howl of the
Black Wolves

PEER
3rd week
YEHUDA BARKAN
YOSSEF SHILOAH
ZEEV BEVAN
in a most entertaining
Israel comedy
SNOOKER
Wednesday only one perf.
4.00 p.m.

RON Tel. 669009
3rd week
A Menahem Golan production
DIAMONDS
with SHAIKE OPHIE
GADI YAGIL
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD BOWNDBRE

SHAVIT
2nd week
PAUL NEWMAN
STEVE McQUEEN
and a score of famous actors
in the great production
THE TOWERING INFERNO
Owing to length
perfs. at 6.00, 8.00 all week

RAMA Tel. 731913
Sat. And Week:
7.50, 9.50
THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING
BURT REYNOLDS
BARBARA MILES
LEE J. COBB

RAMAT GAN
2nd week
THE TOWERING INFERNO
FAYE DUNAWAY
STEVE McQUEEN
PAUL NEWMAN
6-9
No reductions or invitations

Petah Tikva
SHALOM
3rd week
SNOOKER
YEHUDA BARKAN
YOSSEF SHILOAH
Sat. 8, 10
4, 7.50, 9.50



the enemy and coming under hostile fire, take up new positions and resume firing, a process which takes much longer with towed guns. To a certain extent, this ability to hop from one position to another compensates for the still huge numerical advantage in artillery enjoyed by the Arab armies.

Apart from the M108s, there are also Israeli-made self-propelled 155 mm. guns. Other prominent items in the arsenal are the 175 mm. gun, which can propel a 66.8 kg. shell a distance of 32 kms. It was this gun which was used to shell Syrian army bases on the outskirts of Damascus in the Yom Kippur War. The Russian-made 180 mm. field gun, which is reported in foreign publications to be in service with the IDF, has a still longer range — 40 kms.

The Artillery Corps also uses mortars mounted on tank bodies. The 160 mm. mortar has the highest rate of fire of all the guns and its 40kg. shell is more powerful than the 155 mm. artillery shell, which weighs slightly more.

In the light of the experience of the Yom Kippur War, when shortages of certain types of shell developed, the Corps is trying to stockpile as much ammunition as it can afford. It is following very closely every development in this sphere throughout the world, with the aim of getting the best effects out of its payloads.

Shells don't come cheap, apart from those seized from the enemy in the war. Some prices: 165 mm. — IL1,500 each; 175 mm. —

IL2,300; and Katyusha — IL4,000. In the Yom Kippur War, over 850,000 artillery rounds were fired.

With costs so high, and the danger of shortages, there is added incentive to encourage the gunners to score hits with their first rounds and to continue firing on target, avoiding waste of precious ammunition and, still more precious, time. To achieve this, highly complicated instruments have been devised, including optical range finders and field computers for processing range, ballistic and meteorological data to provide the batteries with exact information for aiming their guns.

A great deal of research is done in Israel to develop items either lacking in the West or not available on the market.

All the instruments are located near the forward firing positions, and the men who man them may be doing the job of skilled technicians, but they are also likely to come under fire or air attack.

The Artillery, although not the spearhead of an assault, are close enough to the front line to become involved in face-to-face fighting with the enemy in the rapidly changing flux of mechanized warfare. On the Golan Heights during the Yom Kippur War some artillery batteries were actually overrun by the advancing Syrian

armour and in Sinai some guns had to be abandoned in the face of the Egyptian advance. Command attacks are always a threat. This has led to another innovation — training artillerymen to defend themselves and their guns against armoured or infantry attacks. They are also being given anti-tank weapons and the same assault rifles as front-line troops of the IDF.

THE ARMY'S manpower resources are limited and it has recently turned to a number of previously untapped sources. The Artillery has been one of the major beneficiaries. For all but the lowest level of duties, the Corps requires men with a high technical and intellectual aptitude. One source of new officers has been the service branches of the IDF, like the legal departments, the Gadna Command, researchers whose jobs are not essential in time of war. Though they are full-time, permanent army officers, men in this category have been re-trained as artillery officers and serve in this capacity in much the same way as civilian reservists.

They have been joined by large numbers of officers released from other branches of the service, ranging from the Navy and Air Force to the Infantry, and now

brought in to serve as gunner officers in the reserves.

Many NCOs have undergone the same process. There is a recurrent theme in conversations with these "newcomers" and their instructors: at first they resist the idea of leaving their own branch of service and joining the Artillery. Gradually, as they confront the new intellectual and leadership challenges, the resentment gives way to fascination and they emerge with the satisfaction of doing an important and interesting job.

The Gunnery School, which has become the centre for this quickie production of new artillery officers, NCOs and gun crews, is probably one of the busiest training bases in the IDF today. Apart from the courses for individual officers, NCOs, technicians and gunners, the school is also responsible for the setting up and training of artillery units.

The artillery officers' course is the longest and possibly the most difficult of all officers' courses. The cadet has to be taught the whole range of skills of the men under his command as well as being given the elements of leadership which will enable him to inspire his men to carry on loading and firing their guns, although they may be under intensive barrage themselves.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1975

4 FOR 3

If you are only a week-end reader
The Jerusalem Post offers you a four-month
subscription for the cost of only three months.

You receive one whole month free at no extra
cost as an introduction to the daily Jerusalem
Post.

Readers of the daily JERUSALEM POST don't miss a
thing. Why should you?

To encourage you to become a regular subscriber to
the daily Jerusalem Post, as well as to the Friday
edition, we invite you to take advantage of this un-
usual offer now. Fill in and mail the coupon below and
enclose your cheque for IL116. You will receive one
month of The Jerusalem Post daily, as well as the
Friday edition, free — and then three months at the
regular subscription cost.

Take advantage of this special offer for new sub-
scribers now. It will be made only during June and July.

CLIP AND MAIL

To: 4 for 3, The Jerusalem Post, P.O.B. 81, Jerusalem
Please send me The Jerusalem Post for four months at the
regular three month subscription rate of IL116.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

Telephone number: _____

My cheque for IL116 is enclosed. ☐

Signature: _____

4 FOR 3 — A SPECIAL OFFER FOR THE
MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, 1975, ONLY.



**Consult
Your
Physician**

MEDI-SHAMP
Medicated Shampoo

FOR PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF
DANDRUFF AND SEBORRHEA CAPITIS.

Made in Israel by Pharmaplant Ltd.

THE MODERN FURNITURE
revolution of the early 'sixties
originated in Scandinavia. So it is
not surprising that a new im-
migrant from Sweden, Joachim
Shimoni, is currently trying to bring
about a minor furniture-
design revolution here in Israel.
His firm, Scandia, is a
partnership with a young Israeli,
Ilan Atzil, for the manufacture of
self-assembly modular compo-
nent furniture. The basic standard
pieces can be assembled to form
open or closed storage units,
shelving, desks, beds, wardrobes
and even kitchens. He claims that
the finished pieces run between 40
and 60 per cent cheaper than com-
parable imported systems.

Joachim Shimoni is a serious-
looking, quietly-spoken young
man whose background is both
technical and academic, but who
has never had a formal training in
design. After leaving school, he
was employed as an apprentice in
one of Sweden's largest elec-
tronics enterprises, producing
everything from incubators and
radar equipment to radios, televi-
sion sets and stereophonic
systems. Making furniture was
his hobby.

"In those days, my company
employed no industrial designers.
Their radios, T.V.s and stereo sets
were technically on the highest
level — but hideously ugly. One
day I went to my boss with some
ideas for attractive boxes and
cabinets in which to house them.
He gave me a certain amount of
encouragement, but when it came
to mass production, my ideas got
a cold shower. I learnt the
designer's first lesson: that what
is pleasing to the eye does not
always match the limitations and
requirements of mass production.

Ultimately we worked out a
solution to my first projects. I got
a taste for this sort of challenge,
for finding a happy medium
between aesthetic and technical
considerations.

One fine day my family said to
me, "This is no sort of profession
for a Jewish boy — we want you to
go to university." I studied
economics and politics, but I still
had the desire to design and
produce furniture. Perhaps in
Israel, I thought, I could equate
my Jewishness with the sort of
profession I wanted. So three
years ago, I came here to in-
vestigate the possibilities.

Shimoni carried out extensive
market research and "competitor
shopping" on the furniture field in
Israel. He came to the conclusion
that there was ample room on the
local market for a simple,
"foolproof," well constructed and
inexpensive range of unit fur-
niture. He visited dozens of timber
merchants until he found suitable
chipboard and veneers to use as
raw materials. Then he returned
to Sweden to get the machinery
he would need for his venture.

Together with Ilan Atzil, the basic
costing was worked out and
premises were found for a fac-
tory. Atzil explained how they
decided to market their furniture
on a direct "producer to con-
sumer" basis.

"When I spoke to other fur-
niture manufacturers about pri-
cing our goods, they said that the
best system was one of undercut-
ting. Look around for similar fur-
niture, note the prices and sell
yours for a little less." But we
thought we could do better than
that. We decided to sell at prices
which would leave us a fair profit
margin even if we could, accord-
ing to the market situation,
perhaps have demanded the
middleman's cut direct to our
customers, by setting up our own
shops.

KNIT BY UNIT



Shelving unit with space for records, stereo, drinks, books.

Catherine Rosenheimer

We are interested in eliminating
any causes of trouble before they
come back to us in the form of
customer complaints.

TODAY, nine months after the
Scandia factory commenced
production, there are six shops in
operation — two in Tel Aviv, one
in Jerusalem, Netanya, Rishon
LeZion and Kiryat Motzkin — and
more will be opening soon.
Monthly sales of IL250,000 are
well up to initial expectations.

What of the prices? A combined
shelving and storage system for a
living room, 2.25 metres wide,
with space for books, records,
stereo equipment and a closed bar
costs IL1,200. An adequately fur-
nished child's room with desk,
shelving, wardrobe and bedframe
(mattress not included) comes to
IL1,550.

MAKING comparisons, the
prices are reasonable. The es-
timate given to me by a carpenter
for a comparable storage system
two months ago came to over
IL2,000, while a recent window-
shopping trip along Tel Aviv's
Rehov Herzl revealed, to my
amazement, that the average
price for a natural wood junior
bed alone (again no mattress)
was between IL700 and IL800. All
of which bears out Scandia's
claim to being up to 50 per cent
cheaper.

Of course, you do have to
assemble the pieces yourself, and
finish them to your own choice, be
it with clear lacquer, wood stain
or paint. If you are any sort of
handyman or handywoman, all of
this is pretty foolproof. And, says
Joachim Shimoni, "wherever we
think the layman may run into
trouble, we do the work for him.
He may have a problem fixing a
drawer channel to be at an exact
90 degree angle, and then com-
plain that the drawer does not
slide properly. In my factory I can
glue the channel easily, and
straighten it, so I do it for him."

Similarly, he may not have an
electric drill, he may not be too
good at calculations, so I drill all
the screw holes for him, and I fix
the hinges to both the door
elements and the casings to which
they have to be screwed. It all
sounds very simple — in fact it is.

WILL YOU be a "summer
visitor" to Tel Aviv's Rehov
Dizengoff, the street of coffee-
houses and high fashion? If so,
you may notice some changes.
Since I live on Dizengoff, I have no
difficulty keeping tabs on what's
new there.

The biggest news is always the
opening or closing of a major
sidewalk cafe. There's a new-
comer this season, the Tivoli. And
it's on the wrong side of the street!

You don't have to be a
Dizengoff regular to notice there
is a "right" and "wrong" side.
The west side of the road, towards
the sea, is crowded at almost all
hours of the day and evening, with
both pedestrians and cafe tables.
This is where people go *le-his-
dange* — as strolling along
Dizengoff has come to be known.
If you really want to get
somewhere in a hurry, you're
better off walking on "the other
side" — away from the sea.

You may notice, however, that
all of Dizengoff — even the usually
shady side — seems sunnier this
year. This is no illusion. Over the
past twelve months the Municipal
Gardening Department has given
the trees on the west side a major
trimming. This is not out of
sympathy towards pedestrians, but
because, if the trees grow too high
and thick, they will try to push
their roots deeper and wider into
the ground. There is simply no
more room underground, amidst
the pipes and cables of civiliza-
tion. The trees of western
Dizengoff — *ficus nitida* — hadn't
had a major pruning in 40 years,
and now they will be left more or
less unhampered for another
seven or eight, I was told.

Anyway, the new Tivoli
restaurant is determined to bring
new life to the quiet side of the
street. (The allegedly oldest cafe
on Dizengoff, the Pinati, is also on
the "wrong" side.) The Tivoli is
on a choice corner site at
Fishman-Dizengoff property,
which sat empty for many years,
used only as billboard space. The
owners finally decided to rent,
and the Tivoli sprang up within a
couple of months.

The small, half-prefab struc-
ture, distinctive with its red tile
facade, serves as the kitchen and
serving area. There is nowhere
for customers to sit indoors, which
may deter people who pant for air-
conditioning. Before winter, a sec-
tion will have to be enclosed.

Meanwhile, everyone sits out-
doors in a patio garden with
brightly-coloured tables and
chairs. I was pleased to learn that
virtually all the attractive fur-
nishings and equipment are
Israeli-made. A sea of flowered
umbrellas makes a sunshade
which helps compensate for the
lack of tall trees or tall buildings
on that corner.

The new cafe (open daily from 9
a.m. to midnight) can seat about
250, which makes it big. But the
prestigious Rowal Cafe can seat
three times as many, and remains
the undisputed Queen of
Dizengoff.

The managers of the Tivoli are
a young couple, Shmuel and Aggie
Yitzhaki. He is of Bulgarian
background; she comes from a
Hungarian family living in
Belgium. The menu reflects their
mixed backgrounds, plus the
latest fashion foods. There are
burekas and goulash soup and
waffles with maple syrup and
draught beer. Specialties of the
house include lemon mousse (IL8)
and blintzes with almonds and
orange liqueur (IL12). Prices are
reasonable for the neighbourhood,
and they include service. You can
get ice cream with fudge sauce,
whipped cream and nuts for IL10,
and the fanciest ice-cream dish

SUMMER TIME ON DIZENGOFF



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

goes for IL18. A thoughtful touch
is ice cream without sugar, for
diabetics, at IL6.

If you come to the Tivoli before
10 o'clock in the morning, you can
get a IL4 breakfast — either two
rolls, butter, jam, coffee or tea; or
one bureka, a hard-boiled egg,
coffee or tea. Tivoli also sells its
own hand-packed ice-cream to

take home; it is made with
"ingredients from Switzerland."

WHEN YOU LIVE on Dizengoff
and write about consumer affairs,
it is rather embarrassing to learn
about a two-year-old shop from a
visiting tourist. But that is exactly
how I learned about "Mouche", a
dress boutique plus coffee-house
which is just "off Dizengoff." It is
situated at 4 Rehov Shatz, which
runs east of Dizengoff between
Gordon and Ben-Gurion (what
used to be Keren Kayemet).
"Mouche" had the bad luck to

CULINARY NOTES Haim Shapiro

Kibbutz crepes

DURING a visit to a kibbutz
recently, I was shocked to hear
from my hosts that their food
ranged from boring to plain bad.

While many kibbutzim have ex-
cellent food, it seems that most of
the members of this particular
settlement, sabras who grew up
during the years of austerity, lack
a tradition of good cooking to
which they can relate. At the
same time, my friends said, the
economists had lit upon the
kitchen as the place to save
money.

Curiously enough, the kibbutz,
located near one of the country's
tourist attractions, runs both a
guest house and a restaurant,
each with its own kitchen. At these
two establishments, my friends
told me, the food is quite good.

While unable to alleviate their
plight, I offered to mitigate it for
a few moments by preparing
crepes. As luck would have it, my
offer resulted in the appearance of
a tin of mushrooms, to be used in
making the fillings.

SETTING TO WORK as quickly
as possible, as it was long past the
usual hour of the kibbutznik's
evening meal, I mixed a batter of

two cups of flour, two eggs, a cup
of milk, three tablespoons of
melted margarine and enough
water to bring the batter to the
consistency of thin cream (about
a cup and a half). Salt, a drop of
vanilla and a half a teaspoon of
sugar provided the flavouring.

For the filling, I sliced about a
cupful of mushrooms (fresh ones
would have been better) in a
tablespoon of margarine, using
my friends' only saucepan. When
they began to brown, I added a
heaped tablespoon of flour,
stirred into it into the mushrooms,
and, stirring constantly, added
half a glass of dry red wine and
about a cup and a half of milk.

The sole spices in the tiny
kitchen of the kibbutz flat were
salt, pepper, two kinds of curry
powder, something labelled mace,
but smelling like oregano, and
garlic powder. Salt, pepper and
the "mace" seemed to be the best
combination.

Leaving the sauce in a warm
place, I heated the kitchen's only
frying pan (in which the
margarine had been melted), and
poured in about three tablespoons
of batter, tilting the pan in all
directions. I turned the browned
crepe with a spatula, mi-
raculously present, and then cook-
ed the rest without adding any fat
to the pan.

Excluding a few attempts
which had to be thrown away be-
cause the pan was too hot, the
batter produced 11 crepes, of
which six were filled and eaten
and the rest put away for
breakfast.

open just after the Yom Kippur
War, when there was not much
fashion selling. "Mostly, people
just sat around outside and talk-
ed politics," recalls Aniko
Kallach-Shik, one of the two
partners. The other is Amira
Weinstein, and both young women
had experience in costume work
for the Herzliya television studios.

I visited Mouche on a recent
Friday morning, and the small
shop was virtually jumping with
young women buying fashionable
frocks which, judging from the
pressure on the alterations
department, they obviously plann-
ed to wear that weekend. The
dresses were almost all of the
very loose, flowing kind. To me,
they looked rather like maternity
dresses, and I said so.

"Yes," Aniko admitted,
"women who have recently had
babies are allergic to wearing
clothes which make them look
pregnant again." But it didn't
seem to bother most of the
customers, except for one who
was returning to say her husband
— or maybe it was her film direc-
tor; I couldn't catch which — in-
sisted her dress be altered to look
less like a sack.

Aniko and Amira design their
garments, which are made up
from fabrics brought into Israel
by new Russian immigrants from
Georgia. The summer fabrics are
all cottons, mostly floral patterns,
some stripes. Because the supply
of fabrics is limited, there are not
many dresses in any one pattern.

There is one self-imposed
limitation on styles. "We do not
deal in the popular jeans fabric,"
Aniko said emphatically.

THERE ARE PLENTY of other
new shops on Dizengoff specializ-
ing in the ubiquitous blue denim.
There is a new Jeans House at No.
154, and a brand-new Lee Bouti-
que at No. 213. Also new within the
past year is the boutique "B —
Beauty" at 180 Dizengoff, and the
current sign in the window reads
(in Hebrew): "Just arrived:
Original faded Lee Jeans, in all

sizes." The word used for faded is
actually "*meshufafut*" — litera-
lly, rubbed. Most of the garments
in the window look worn, faded
and wrinkled, but there is no
arguing over tastes.

REHOV DIZENGOFF is the last
place one would think to look for
an authentic Yeminite
restaurant. But there is a new one
right smack in the middle of
Dizengoff-land, in the passageway
next to the famous Rowal.

The new restaurant is called *Al
Kaufi Nescharim* — On Eagles' Wings — evoking memories of
"Operation Magic Carpet," and a
mural depicting Yeminite life
gives the walls of the passageway
a splash of Oriental kitsch.
But inside, it looks quite
sophisticated, with a well-stocked
bar, comfortably padded chairs
and full air-conditioning. The
cuisine is strictly Yeminite, and
the prices are very reasonable for
Dizengoff, although higher than at
the typical eatery in the Yeminite
Quarter, Gileon Hill, and his
wife, Ayala, who is not Yeminite,
previously operated a
similar restaurant in West Ger-
many.

Al Kaufi Nescharim is open
from 11 a.m. until 1 a.m. the next
morning. Because it stays open on
Shabbat, the Hillis cannot apply
to the Rabbinate for a kashrut cer-
tificate, but they say that the food
is kosher. The only milk on the
premises is bottled cream kept at
the bar for customers who want to
add it to their coffee.

There is another new
restaurant, at 97 Dizengoff, next
to the Gweltz fashion shop.
Replacing the former vegetarian
restaurant, it is called "Big Ben,"
and seldom have I seen such a
hodge-podge of culinary cultures
under such an improbable name.
The sign outside states:
"Restaurant, Tea House, Draft
Beer, and Moroccan
Specialties." The posted menu
lists mostly spicy Moroccan dis-
hes, plus a variety of fresh fish.
Martha Michaels

IT OCCURS TO ME Hadassah Bat Haim

Help, help...

MY PRINCIPLE of not employing
labour for jobs I can do myself is
strong, but not strong enough to
triumph, at all times, over my dis-
taste for housework. So now and
again when I am driven desperate
about my losing battle against
grime, I try to get help. Some
housewives I know spend the
hours before their cleaners come
in beautifying their already im-
maculate houses. Whether this is
a demonstration of how little they
need assistance and that they are
only fulfilling a social duty by
providing some paid occupation,
or whether it is to present a
challenge to anyone else to do
better, I don't know.

My approach is different. If I
know that help is at hand, I fill up
the sink and the waste-bin in the
blissful knowledge that I shall not
be the one to empty them. That
this is not the best method is
demonstrated when the promised
aid fails to materialize, as
sometimes happens, but the
euphoric anticipation is very
soothing.

The quality of the help varies.
Some of the auxiliaries leave all
the corners dirty and the windows
smeared but fill me in on scandals

Involving local citizens. These
sessions could more properly be
itemized as entertainment than
domestic activity, since I do most
of the work myself; but they are
not as tedious as when I do it
alone.

One of my ladies could never
bring herself to destroy the wild
life that abounds on our sandy sur-
roundings, so spiders, ants and
beetles multiplied during her
reign till there was hardly room
for us. I have some sympathy with
her point of view and one
naturalist I know says it better
for the ecology than using sprays;
but a refusal to clear away left-
overs so that the mice would not
go hungry seemed to me to be go-
ing to extremes, and we had to
part.

Others have been wonderful
scourers and polishers, but so
openly contemptuous of my own
poor efforts that I have been
reduced to a state of permanent
apology. One so interfered with
my way of life that I had to berate
my family in a whisper and drink
coffee in secret, as she insisted
that I should have weak, milkless
tea instead. Faced with the alterna-
tives of domestic or spiritual
slavery I chose to call my soul my
own and remain chained to the
sink.

Between times, I wrestle with
the floor-rag on a stick that will
never be so dear to me as a real
mop, beat dust into my hair and
raise the roof about sand in the
bath. If people ask how we
manage, I say we have a very
reliable woman... me!

Slipping pants

Ephraim Kishon

SUDDENLY the cherub stood before Ginzburg with the flaming sword in his hand.

"Ginzburg! Ginzburg!" "What?"

The coordinator had actually been waiting for an angel of some sort or another. Two days ago, at the Ramat-Gan amphitheatre, Neudorfer had been negotiating with those who demanded changes in the tax reform, and Ginzburg had stuck out for the elastic bonus. This Special Increment was taken to be the section workers' major achievement; you could say it was Yosef Ginzburg's life's work.

The ambitious coordinator had fought for years to convince the Treasury that the elastic running through the underpants of section workers from Grade Three up might slacken in time and need changing, so the men ought to be compensated by a special Slackness Bonus.

"This is no fringe benefit!" Ginzburg had shouted at the amphitheatre session. "Can you expect our masses to labour in slipping pants?"

AND HERE now was this angel

from on high, standing in front of Ginzburg with his flaming sword. "Ginzburg," he said, "you must choose between your elastic bonus and the State."

"Don't stand there like that," said Ginzburg. "Sit down."

"You people have been hollering for years about how corrupt the tax system was, how nobody felt like doing an honest day's work anymore, how every Israeli was turned into a crook and this whole country into a moral dunghill. So now, in the nick of time, we have drawn up this crucial reform, on which this country is going to stand or fall."

"Quite," Ginzburg agreed. "Bless you."

He unzipped his trousers and snapped the elastic round his belly to demonstrate its stretch potential to the angel. The angel didn't let up.

"You've got to decide, Ginzburg: the State of Israel or the elastic bonus."

The coordinator shuffled his feet.

"Shechter," he muttered, "Shechter got an asthma increment..."

This particular Special Increment had been awarded by the Treasury some six years back, when Shechter had cut off the ox-

ygen of all asthma patients in the country's hospitals. The increment had been calculated on the basis of one-third equalization fund plus 3.1 points retroactive pension credit accumulation, net.

"What matters more to you, Ginzburg," the angel asked, "the bonus or the State?"

Ginzburg pondered. "Both," he concluded at last. "I wouldn't like to wear slipping underpants in this country, but on the other hand, I wouldn't care for a properly stretched elastic outside of it either. For me they form one whole. I want both a State and an elastic bonus."

"And if you've got to choose between them?"

"How about Shechter?" Have you asked him yet?"

The angel drew a step nearer. "Nothing but a complete change in the public's attitude to such concepts as work and productivity can save the country at this critical juncture. How are we going to stand up to outside pressures if we can't earn our own keep?"

The mention of pressure was a mistake. Ginzburg stuck a finger in to check the elastic again, and mumbled something about "the Jewish lobby."

"You don't have to preach sacrifice to me," he protested. "I fought in three wars, got wounded twice, and received a medal. I'm willing to die for this country."

"And the elastic?"

"That — no."

THE ANGEL was showing signs of weariness. He sat down by Ginzburg and began to scribble on a piece of paper.

"Your bonus comes to 83.7 per cent of the tri-annual carbon dioxide residue, that's to say IL42.30 a month."

"IL42.85."

"Very well. Anyhow, IL42.20 of that goes on taxes, so you'll be left with IL28.45 net all in all. What'll you do with that?"

"I'll buy a fan. One of those thingummyjigs they fix on the rear window of your car nowadays to keep the sun out. They cost IL50."

"You'll sell your country for half a fan?"

"Shechter's got two fans."

The angel was breathing hard and his wings twitched nervously. "If you don't give in on the bonus," he warned, "you're going to get galloping inflation and your money won't be worth a cent. Then what'll you do?"

"Guess I'll sack two members of my family. Like my eldest girl and grandpa."

The cherub burst into tears. "You'll break up your home, your family, everything you've built... Why?"

Now Ginzburg was crying too. "Momentum," he sobbed. "Dunno."

The angel fell to his knees. "For pity's sake," he pleaded with Ginzburg, "think what the history books will say: the First

Temple was destroyed by Babylon in 578 B.C.E., the Second Temple by Rome in 70 C.E., and the Third Temple was destroyed by the Nazis in 1948."

Ginzburg kept silent. Now and then he stuck a thoughtful finger in his pants to check the pressure.

"Save the Jewish State!" the angel implored at his feet. "Ginzburg, up the bonus!"

Ginzburg said nothing, but his veins on his forehead bulged. One will ever know what the angel went through.

"I'll have to call back to the Treasury..."

A few minutes later he popped his head round the door. "Listen," he asked the angel, "can't the State be incorporated into the bonus?"

"No!"

Ginzburg disappeared, and returned dragging his feet. His eyes were streaming, his lips trembled.

"We've decided," he whispered, "Bonus."

THE ANGEL fell quietly on his flaming sword. The earth opened up and swallowed the State of Israel, and soft Arab music played in the air above the crater. Ginzburg plunged into the abyss, his fingers in a frozen grip upon Shechter's throat, his underpants slipping, slipping —

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

Children's books

Miriam Arad

TWO SEPARATE stories — one a romantic desert tale, the other the saga of Petah Tikva — are told in alternate chapters of *Haparah mi Hamidbar* by Yigal Ben Natan ("The Rider from the Wilderness," Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 200pp., illustrated by Ora Eitan), and then come together in the great climax of the final chapter.

Rivers of blood flow, numerous steeds rear and neigh, eyes glitter fiercely and swords are swiftly drawn, in the story of Daoud Ibn-Yussuf and his long journey up the Arabian peninsula to Damascus to recover his stolen mare. Daoud, though you wouldn't know it from the looks of him, is a Jew. Jews did live in Arabia till the rise of Islam in the seventh century, but it is a matter of conjecture whether any remnants of these Jews still exist there, or did nearly 100 years ago when the events described here happened.

Legendary or not, Daoud is a magnificent hero, terrifically brave and noble, one who stands by his friends and who will never under any circumstances stab a man in the back, be he the worst of his foes. The tale of his northward trek is filled with adventure, bits of scrupulously accurate information, and plenty of desert lore, e.g.: "The camel-riders conversed softly among themselves and refrained from addressing each other by name. Many men roam the desert searching for their enemies in order to kill them, and it is customary not to mention names beside the water-wells."

THE HISTORY of Petah Tikva begins with Melabbes — the lush valley near the Yarkon River which used to lure Beduin nomads, squatters, and landowning sheikhs to its banks, only to drive them away again by its malaria-infested swamps. Yigal Ben Natan opens with the famous story of how one day in 1878 Yosef Salomon, an Orthodox Jew, and three like-minded friends and a Greek doctor left their homes in the Old City of Jerusalem and rode on donkey-back to Melabbes to realize their dream of becoming farmers in the Holy Land; and how delighted they were with all that water and greenery, till the doctor pointed out gloomily that there wasn't a bird to be seen in all that paradise, which could mean just one thing: the air was foul with malaria; and how Yosef Salomon and his friends decided to buy the land none the less. (What is not generally known is that these Orthodox Jews of Jerusalem established Petah Tikva after an abortive attempt to set up a Jewish farm settlement near Jericho, which is why they called the new settlement Petah Tikva — see Joshua 7:24-26 and Hosea 2:17.)

This glorious beginning is followed by an excellent account of the first years of Petah Tikva. "Mother of the Moshavot." There is the settlers' fumbling initiation into the mysteries of agriculture, the thrill and ceremony of every "first" — the first furrow ploughed, locusts, and above all the recurring raids of Beduin robber-tribes. The attitude of their Arab neighbours varied between hostile envy and a cautious friendship, invariably accompanied by amazement at the odd newfangled ways of these crazy "Yahud." Both

Arab villagers and Jewish settlers had one enemy in common, however: the cruel Abu-Jarm — which is where Daoud comes in.

After Daoud arrives at Damascus, finds the man who stole his beloved mare and kills him in noble duel in the penultimate chapter, he turns to go back home to the desert, and on the way passes through Eretz Yisrael. In the final chapter he reaches Petah Tikva, just in time to defend the settlers against the terrible Abu-Jarm. And if that isn't a satisfying ending, what is?

It was a fine idea to combine these two stories, though I suspect Daoud will steal the show. A little tightening up of the narrative, especially in the opening chapters, ought to make future editions of this novel even better.

FINDING TWO good original Hebrew children's books in one batch is rare enough to crow over, so I crow, for here's another. *Mar Tapuhon Veyosifon* (Mar 1975) by Karah Feder (Mr. Appleby and Yosifon, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 96pp., illustrated by Alona Frenkel) is the story of a magic coat — or rather stories strung together like a chain. The cast are Mr. Appleby (Tapuhon), his cat Licky, who calls him Applepess in retaliation for his calling her Micky, Tita his daughter, and Yosifon, the coat's owner and the narrator, who comes to stay for one night but stays on and on because he hasn't finished a story, or because Tita says: "Today of all days you want to go?" or because Mr. Appleby says: "But today we're going to the market," or as a last resort: "If you stay another day we'll invite the zebra-man" — which is as irresistible to Yosifon as it is to the reader. The magic of the coat, by the way, is that its wearer can float in the air, and though it's only a few metres up, you'd be surprised at the novel view of life you get if you look down at it from the ceiling.

For under tens.

ONCE THERE was a boa constrictor who, being the pet snake of an old lady, was called for short *Criclor* (Criclor is a Good Snake, and the only constricting he ever does is round a burglar, which is a very effective way of keeping him still till the police come. On the other hand, he does a lot of twisting — into the figure 8 for arithmetical purposes, into a knot to illustrate the intricacies of silpknots, and into a neat arrangement of loops to cuddle onto his mistress's lap for his milk-bottle. The moral of the story, if there is one, must be that if you treat the devil like a pussycat it'll behave like one.

This is a lovely picture book for four- to seven-year-olds.

THE STORY of the trinosaur — which, I suppose, is like a dinosaur, only more so — that comes alive after 80 million years in the town of Dunborough is told in rhyme in *The Tail of the Trinosaur* by Charles Causley (Leicester, Brookhampton, 120pp., £1.25, illustrated by Jill Gardner). How it goes galloping about town "just like a puppy off a lead in great exhilaration... A-flattening the fir-trees in the Dunborough Plantation," how it "hopped and skipped and

jumped, against the Castle wall it bumped, And made it more a ruin than it ever was before," and how it all ends happily for all sides concerned is a tall "told in 24 shakes" that simply begs to be read aloud. For five to eight.

THE TITLE of *The Holocaust: A History of Courage and Resistance*, by Bea Stadler (N.Y., Behrman House, 210pp., \$4.50, illustrated by David Stone Martin) is wrong. The Holocaust is not a history of courage and resistance. In other words, it seems to me that any book intended as an introduction to the Holocaust for children of 10-14 who know little or nothing about it falsifies the picture — and belittles the subject — if it places the emphasis on "courage and resistance" instead of on horror and suffering. We must certainly "tell it to our sons" as the Torah and the Haggada bid us do. We must not as it were apologize for the Nazis' victims (and insult their memory) by dwelling on the courage and resistance of the few, but must tell what happened to the many, and explain as best we can how it could have happened.

This book is nevertheless welcome for "telling it" at all. It contains a number of good chapters, e.g., the one on the *Judenrat*, if also quite a few inaccuracies, sweeping statements, and unhappy phrasings. The narrative is interspersed with brief passages of documentary evidence, such as a few lines from a diary, the text of a German decree, etc. Each chapter concludes with "Things to think about." I squirmed a little when I first saw that, but the questions included under this heading are among the best things in the book, forcing the young reader really to "think about" what he has read, use his imagination, avoid hasty moral judgements, place the events he has been reading about in a frame of reference he can understand. Indeed, the problems are so intricate that the author occasionally, and rightly, phrases them so as to nudge her reader towards the answer.

New Forum

ENGLISH-READERS — seriously interested in Israel and its place for the Jewish people should read *Forum*, the new quarterly (replacing "Dispersion and Unity") of the World Zionist Organization's Organization and Information Department in Jerusalem, under the creative new editorship of Zvi Yaron.

Judging by the first 144-page issue, "Forum" is not just another narcissistic, self-righteous house organ, nor will it be merely a compendium of translations from the Hebrew of old articles, some of them no longer relevant by the time they appear in English. This issue contains original articles, appearing here for the first time, as well as updated translation-adaptations, and also updated adaptations of papers delivered at various forums. These articles do not merely present "authoritative" answers; they ask questions, some "heretical."

Daniel J. Elazar discusses "Building Jewish Citizenship in the Emerging American Jewish Community"; Charles S. Liebman writes on "Does the Diaspora Influence Israel?"; The Reconstituted Jewish Agency; Milton Himmelfarb discusses Jewish attitudes to the Gentiles;

Ernest Stock tells how a large American Jewish community, which he calls "Durban," reacted to Israel's crises in 1967 and 1973; Yosef Dan asks: "Will the Jewish People Exist in the 21st Century?"; Prime Minister Rabin discusses "Israel and American Jews"; Aryeh L. Dulzin, Jewish Agency Treasurer, discusses "Reform Judaism and Zionism"; Moshe Davis writes on "Jewish Studies in Universities: Alternative Approaches"; "What is Right and Good?" is the translation of an article by Rabbi Yehayahu Shapira, the Hassidic Rabbi who settled in this country in 1920, at age 29, becoming a farmer in Kfar Pines and one of the leaders of Hapoel Hamizrachi (the Religious Labour Zionist Movement) till his death 30 years ago. On Sivan 5; Andre Neher writes on "The Dialectics of Jewish Identity: Beyond Religion and Secularism"; Aaron Zwergerbaum, World Zionist Organization Legal Adviser, discusses whether a series of 42 articles on the Jews of Austria in the Vienna daily "Kronenzeltung" during April-May, 1974 was "information or Anti-Semitic incitement?"; and Shmuel Bittinger discusses "The National Revival of Soviet Jewry."

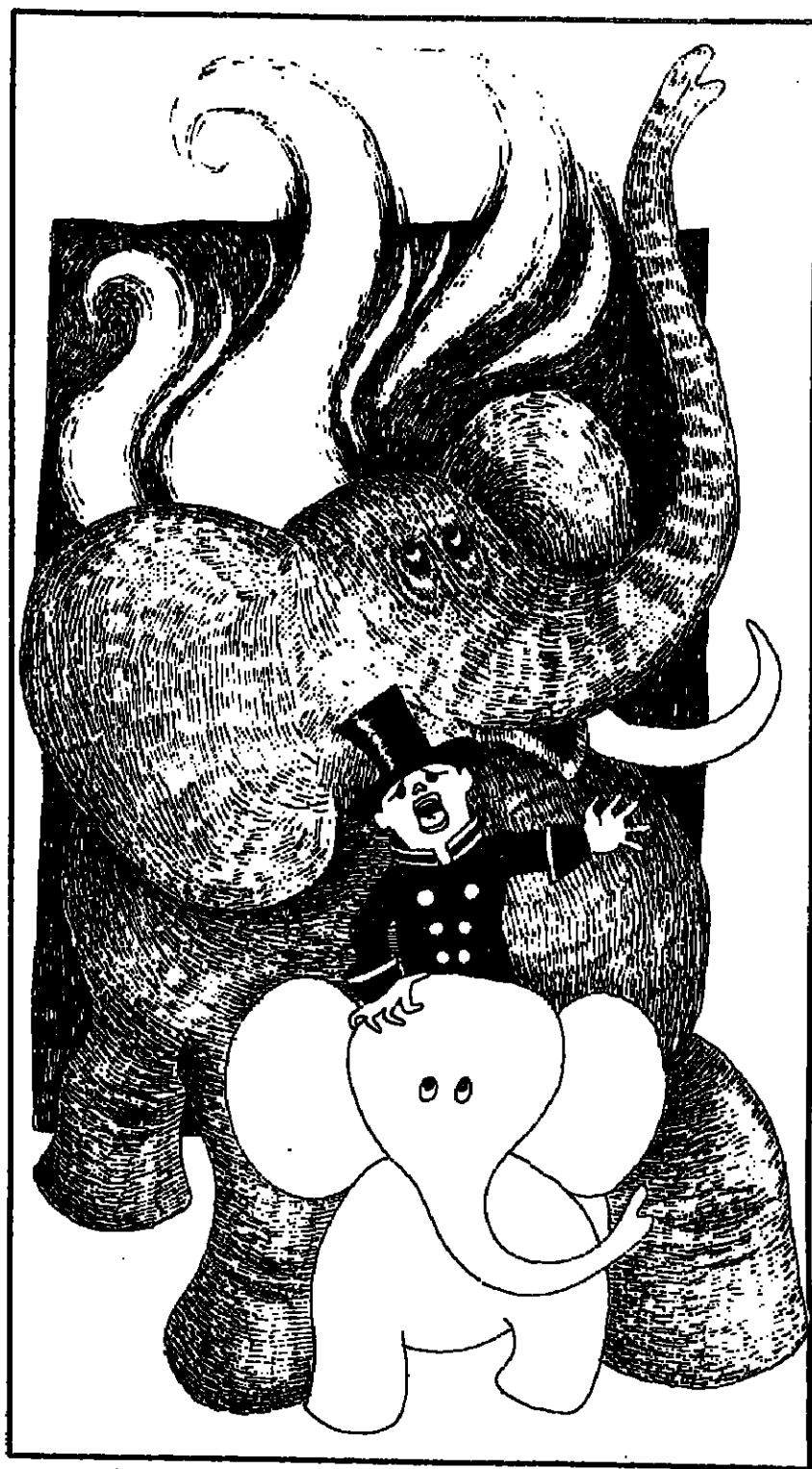
An annual subscription is a bargain IL12, or \$6 (write to "Forum", W.Z.O., P.O.B. 92, Jerusalem 91000). M.K.

Male nurse

LAST YEAR WHEN I WAS YOUNG by Monica Dickens, Heinemann, London, 210 pp., £2.50.

Aviva Even-Paz

MONICA DICKENS can always be relied on to produce a good yarn, and "Last Year When I Was Young" is no exception. This time she had the bright idea of making her hero a male nurse specializing in private patients (Miss Dickens was once herself a member of the nursing profession). This makes a convenient peg for the reader to be introduced to a variety of patients and their illnesses, ranging from mere old age to polynureitis, broken legs, mongolism, ulcers and cosmetic surgery — all the fun of the fair. Each patient and his problems is a saga, and, for a bonus, there is the hero's patchy romance with Fanny, who is something in the media. Although this is only the lightest of light reading, it is distinguished by Miss Dickens' unselfish compassion for all infirmities, and the unapoken corollary that illness is one of the greatest equalizers there is in human affairs.



An illustration by Alona Frenkel for "Mar Tapuhon Veyosifon"

Dry Bones

THE AMAZING SHULDINI PRESENTS: **MODERN MAGIC**

UNBELIEVABLE DISAPPEARING ACT...FEATURING AN ISRAELI SALARY

"PULLING A RABIN OUT OF A HAT"
(WITH TWO "PASSES" AND THE MAGIC WORDS: REE-AHH-SESS-MEHNT)
THE STARTLING EFFECT IS DONE WITH HIDDEN PRESSURES UNDER THE TABLE

"THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK"

"SAWING A CITY IN HALF"
...OR AT LEAST WANTING TO

"NOW YOU SEE HIM... NOW YOU DON'T"
THE OLD SKILL GAME WITH DENIS HILLS

© 1975 Kishon



 Tel. 60341 91000

The Hebrew University Bible Project

 is proud to announce the publication of the first volume of its Bible edition on the occasion of the University Jubilee

The Hebrew University Bible

The Book of Isaiah

 Chapters 1-32

 Edited by

Moshe H. Goshen-Gottstein

Price: Twenty-Five Dollars


ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT

REVUE JUIVE

 Founded in 1901

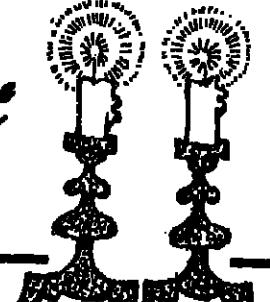
 CH-3008 Zurich/Switzerland, Florastrasse 14

 Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will week by week keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business or personal notices.

 Sample copies and cost of advertisements available.

Oneq Shabbat

 שבת יפה



HEBREW UNION COLLEGE

JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION

 13 Rehov Hanukkah David, Jerusalem

Programme: Friday, July 11, 8.30 p.m.

The Dilemmas and Direction of Reform Judaism

An Historian's Analysis On The Centennial Of The HUC — JIR

Dr. MICHAEL A. MEYER

 Hebrew Union College — Jewish Institute of Religion Cincinnati, Ohio.

COMMUNITY SINGING WILL PRECEDE THE PROGRAMME

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

World Zionist Organization

Young Leadership

Absorption Groups

Tel Aviv-Yafo Municipality

Cultural Department

Absorption Committee

Tel Aviv Immigrants Social Club

Amateur Entertainment Stage

New Immigrant!

 If you have any talent for music (playing), singing, acting, etc., you are invited to join our social and cultural activities: Meeting people, cultural discussions, excursions, weekend outings, folk singing and folk dancing.

 Registration for our next weekend outing has started. Drop in any Tuesday or Thursday, 8.00 p.m. We are at 3 Rehov Warburg, Tel Aviv, entrance through Sderot Ben Zion, near HABIMAH.

 Buses: 5, 61, 63.

A great selection of

EXCITING TOURS:

 ★

EUROPE

 ★

FAR EAST

 ★

AROUND THE WORLD

 ★

SOUTH AMERICA & MEXICO

 ★

 Prospectuses and booking at all Tourist Agents.



אירופה טורס

EUROPA TOURS

 has the best Tours

Readers in

HERZLIYA-PITUAH

 You can have

THE JERUSALEM POST

 delivered to your home every morning. Only IL30.50 monthly.

 Please contact:

SAMI ARGENTARIN

HERZLIYA

 14 Rehov Hanukkah David, Tel. 932209

 8-9 a.m., 2-6 p.m.

Medical politics

WHO HEALETH ALL THY DISEASES, by Eli Davis. Rubin Mass, Jerusalem. 351 pp. Price not stated.

Philip Gillon



IT WAS INEVITABLE that somebody should write a C.P. Snow-type of novel about the academic rat race through the corridors of power in the Hadassah Hospital, but it is surprising that the author of such a book should be Professor Davis, despite his obvious qualifications as an expert on medicine in general and Hadassah in particular. Professor Davis became Director-General of Hadassah during the stirring but difficult period that followed the ambush of the convoy in April, 1948, with the murder of Dr. Haim Yassky, then head of Hadassah: Davis was responsible for setting up an improvised hospital in half-a-dozen different buildings in Jerusalem. Then he found administration tiresome, and gave up the post to concentrate on his work as an internist.

So he certainly has the background knowledge about medical men prescribing poisoned potions for their colleagues when they are not curing the sick. But Professor Davis has always given the impression of a kindness and tolerance that are almost excessive, of not seeing the wickedness of man and of forgiving all wrongdoing: the author of this novel observes with a sharp and critical eye, and writes with a caustic pen.

The Hadassah Hospital is thinly disguised in the book as the Zion Medical Centre, supported by Hava, the Sisters of Zion in the U.S.A. Hava and the University have agreed, as the novel begins, to establish a medical school, and the opening ceremony is addressed by Promior David Ben-Gurion. Before the emotional singing of "Hatikva" has died away, the medicos are planting scalpels in each others' backs.

Opportunities for intrigue are presented by the acquisition of university status. Who is to become a full professor? The enforcement of the doctrine, "Publish or perish," favours those who have kept the printing presses busy, however slight the quality of their publications. Zev Robson, the veteran head of the internal medicine department, is a superb clinician, but he has steadfastly refused to publish trifling papers, although he secretly dreams of producing a major work some day. Despite the paucity of his publications, however, his fame as a clinician is so great that he is offered a full professorship, which he contemptuously refuses, thereby losing his right to a reserved parking place for his car.

But he is not the only sufferer because of his obduracy: every one in his department is kept back because of his reduced status. His chief lieutenant, Dr. Isser Kremer, an "Anglo-Saxon" who displays some of Professor Davis' own attributes — wisdom, gentleness, a non-belligerent, devout Orthodoxy, a love of walking and archaeology, a philosophy at odds with the drive to succeed — is kept back for years. Unfortunately for him, he incurs the enmity of Reuben Nachman, born in Eastern Europe, who immigrated to Palestine via Germany, and who uses every Eastern European trick he knows to keep down the "Anglo-Saxons" — he calls meetings on holidays, sees that there are no quorums, has letters sent by surface mail instead of air, horse-trades support of other committee members' promotions for votes for his point of view. Poor Kremer is a babe-in-arms in comparison. A full professorship is not only a status symbol; it affects the getting of grants and bright young men as junior staff members.

Into this basic plot are woven sub-plots about the friends and children of the main protagonists, and a certain amount of medical lore — some of the case histories are so interesting that I wish we had been given some more of those. Somehow, despite the intrigues, the doctors manage to give excellent service to their patients.

Professor Davis is very cynical about Israeli work habits. He claims that staff commissions are so powerful and irrational that the only worker who could ever be dismissed would be one who has committed a shocking murder in the middle of the hospital quadrangle. In the presence of three impartial witnesses, provided he is a bachelor with no dependents, and is completely fit, physically and mentally.

Apart from the other surprises in the book, there are some frank sex scenes, with shrewd observations on premature ejaculation and the fear of impotence among sabras.

Everybody who knows Jerusalem, I suspect, will treat the novel as a puzzle as well as a story, and will try to fit real names to the characters. Robson, I suspect, is the late Professor Berman, the pediatrician; Kremer is Davis himself; the heroic driver Menasha is Ben-jamin Adin; the villainous Reuben Nachman — but identification of this unsavoury character would be defamatory. Professor Davis is liable to find his immense popularity among his colleagues waning as they identify themselves or even worse, if they think that they are not included in the novel at all.

The story is written in breathless, staccato prose, as if the novelist is fearful the case will get away from him if he doesn't record his diagnosis quickly — the result is an original novel that moves at great speed, and records an aspect of Israeli society that has never before been treated in fiction.

Talk of Psalms



(W. Braun)

THE BOOK OF PRAISES: Dialogues on the Psalms by Mark Van Doren and Maurice Samuel. Edited and annotated by Edith Samuel. N.Y., John Day. xix + 287 pp.

Gershon Levi

THAT THIS QUANTITY of utterance has been even remotely matched by thought about the meaning of these 150 chapters of "poetry beyond poetry." That's why there is a certain excitement in listening again to the fresh and unstuffy conversations of these two men. Here they are, talking about Psalm 78:

FOR 20 YEARS of summer Sunday mornings, starting in 1953, you could turn on your radio almost anywhere in the U.S. and hear two of America's most distinguished men of letters talking freely and informally about the Bible. They were a perfect match: Mark Van Doren, poet and longtime Professor of English Literature at Columbia University, with his Puritan spiritual roots and his gentle Midwestern drawl; and Maurice Samuel, brilliant translator (from Hebrew and Yiddish), novelist and lecturer, with his sharp Manchester accent and his extraordinary mastery of "Yach." Together these two would take off from some Biblical theme, and then roam happily through whole worlds of life and literature, agreeing, disagreeing, interrupting, admiring, and striking sparks of thought and memory in a series of conversations that held their listeners fascinated. They would probably still be at it, had not both men died in 1972.

Getting these "words in air" on to the printed page by editing the tapes in the files of the National Broadcasting Company must have been no mean feat, but Edith Samuel has done it skilfully, and for the second time. Her first book recorded the dialogues of the two men on love, human and divine, in the Bible ("In The Beginning, Love"). Now she has given us this series of wise and penetrating conversations about the book of Psalms, which Samuel calls "the intellectual book without intellectuality," and Van Doren describes as a collection of "the greatest lyric poems in the world, whose substance is deeper than the level of language."

Since mankind first discovered speech, probably no words have been uttered more often than the words of the Psalms. Here in Jerusalem the whole book is chanted from cover to cover every single day at the Western Wall. And in this city alone, at least on Sundays, the same verses float Heavenwards in Latin, Greek, Armenian, Arabic, English and no doubt also most of the European vernaculars. Nobody will claim

They had agreed to use the English translation of the Jewish Publication Society. But Van Doren occasionally reverts to the King James Bible of his boyhood, while Samuel frequently quotes the original Hebrew, or illumines the discussion with a Midrash or a bit of Jewish commentary. In the programme called "Remembering the Past," they discuss the line following "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," in Psalm 137: "Let my right hand forget her cunning."

SAMUEL: The Hebrew is just two words: *Yishkach yemini* — let my right hand forget itself. The meaning is, let it have no memory of what it was able to do.

VAN DOREN: That's wonderful! In the same chapter, where the Babylonians ask their Jewish prisoners to sing them one of the songs of Zion, Samuel suddenly remembers an anecdote from the early days of the British Mandate. A Tommy went down to hear the "walling" at the Wall, and was disappointed to find things so quiet there. He tossed a shilling at a solitary old Jew praying there, and called out: "Wall, ... blighter, wall!"

But it is when they talk about the universal concerns of men and women that the two men are at their best. The joy of living and the anguish of living, the trap of self-righteousness, the glory of the universe, the difference between gratitude and complacency, creative frustration, the pain of old age, guilt, agony, serenity — it's here, if not all of it, them most of it.

Their talk about contrition versus remorse is precious; it could

serve as a reading on Yom Kippur — say, before *Ne'ila*. The point of departure is Psalm 32: "When I kept silent my bones wore away" (Cheers from the psychotherapists!). Both men agree that endless remorse is a kind of grandiose self-importance, as if to say: "I'm such a big sinner that even God can't forgive me!"

But contrition is a genuine thing, a turning to the future. (They're talking about *teshuva*, though neither man mentions it.) Suddenly Van Doren remembers when he was an 18- or 20-year-old student, living at home in Illinois. He heard his father's heavy tread climbing up to the son's third-floor room, where the boy was reading or writing or something. He knew his father was hungry for conversation, for a moment shared. But all the boy gave was an absent-minded "hello."

VAN DOREN: I clammed up. I waited, and he went downstairs again... I didn't forget that for 40 years. I finally wrote a poem about that to cleanse myself of it.

The editor is good enough to give us that poem at the end of the book, where we can read these lines:

*He will remember this, and loathe the hour
 When his fair tongue, malingering, stood still.*

This volume is enough to send anyone, believer or non-believer, scurrying back to the Book. For it shows that reciting the sonorous phrases — "Psalm-singing," "Tilim-zog'n" — is only one level of approach, praiseworthy though it may be. These dialogues lead us gently and urbanely to another approach; to a search for the inner meaning, the deep perceptions, the powerful and unabashed feelings which make *Sefer Tehillim* what it is — the imperishable book "spoken by men to God."

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW HEBREW

Try some of these

Why should *qan* which means a horn also mean a ray of light and also a fund? (Think of Michelangelo's Moses with the two horns coming from Moses' head — the world's most famous linguistic babu.)

Why should *qan* heavy, have given rise to *qan* honour? (They're talking about *tashuv*, though neither man mentions it.)

Why should *qan* mean to marry, to lift and to carry? (No — the ancient Hebrews did NOT lift their brides across thresholds of their new homes.)

Why should *qan* mean customary? Think of the word *qan* law, which means, of course, the way in which you go. All these and hundreds of others — any intelligent and interesting question that can be asked about the Hebrew language is answered for you in

HOW THE HEBREW LANGUAGE GREW

If you are in an Upan sweating out the long weary hours — give yourself a break. There is sheer delight and joy in the vast exciting panorama of the Hebrew language.

The book has 368 pages, a four colour jacket, 27 pages of illustrations, large clear type — with all the Hebrew words vowelized, physically the most beautiful book that has ever appeared in the field of Hebrew study.

All this for the low price of IL52 plus IL6 for postage mailed anywhere in the world. If you are in or about Jerusalem — say Tel Aviv or Netanya — save the postage.

Come to the author's home. This is not just a formal invitation. We will really be delighted to welcome you, your family, or your group if you are a madrich or guide, to our home. Drinks of your choice, hot, cold, soft or hard.

With the book will go an informal lesson on Hebrew words by the author — and of course the author's autograph.

Call first Tel. 02-226708.

Dr. EDWARD HOROWITZ,

 19 Rehov Keren Hayesod, Jerusalem.

PLEASE NOTE

- Available if you wish: A lifetime cellophane cover — fitted to the book. Add IL5 to your remittance.
- The present international price of *How the Hebrew Language Grew* — \$8.25 will be going up in the next month or two — so that's a word to the wise!
- Not taking orders as yet, but scheduled for publication in 1976 by Hart Publishing Company of New York is Dr. Edward Horowitz's new book — don't smile — on "How the English Language Grew."

WE BUY AND SELL USED ENGLISH PAPERBACKS AT DISCOUNT PRICES IN A FRIENDLY, COURTEOUS ATMOSPHERE.

Special offer of ART POSTERS at low, low prices.

Children's English Story Hour — 4-5 p.m.

Mondays — ages 4-6

 Thursdays — ages 7-11



 9 Rehov Yosef Du Nawas, Jerusalem

 Daily 9-7.30 — Friday 9-2

Attention American 10th Graders

 If you are interested in a challenging year of study in a dynamic kibbutz atmosphere, good food, new dormitories

 contact Pinchas Rimon, Kfar Blum, Tel. 087-41381/3 or 087/40587

The Greek connection

Meir Ronnen

AS A young teenager I was, one memorable day, given a sheet of hot-pressed paper, a piece of charcoal and a stump and set down before a calling of a statue by Phidias. My teacher in the Antique Room of what is now the Melbourne Royal College of Art then began to drill into me that beauty was the result of applied logic and does not occur by accident; that art is the making of order out of chaos; that in every sound structure is embedded the firm skeleton of Greek geometry. Ever since then I have been seeking and finding this logical construction in all of our great music, literature, painting and sculpture; not to mention its natural organic growth in nature, from the shape of fossil leaves to the checks and balances of the solar system. *Ordning muss sein.*

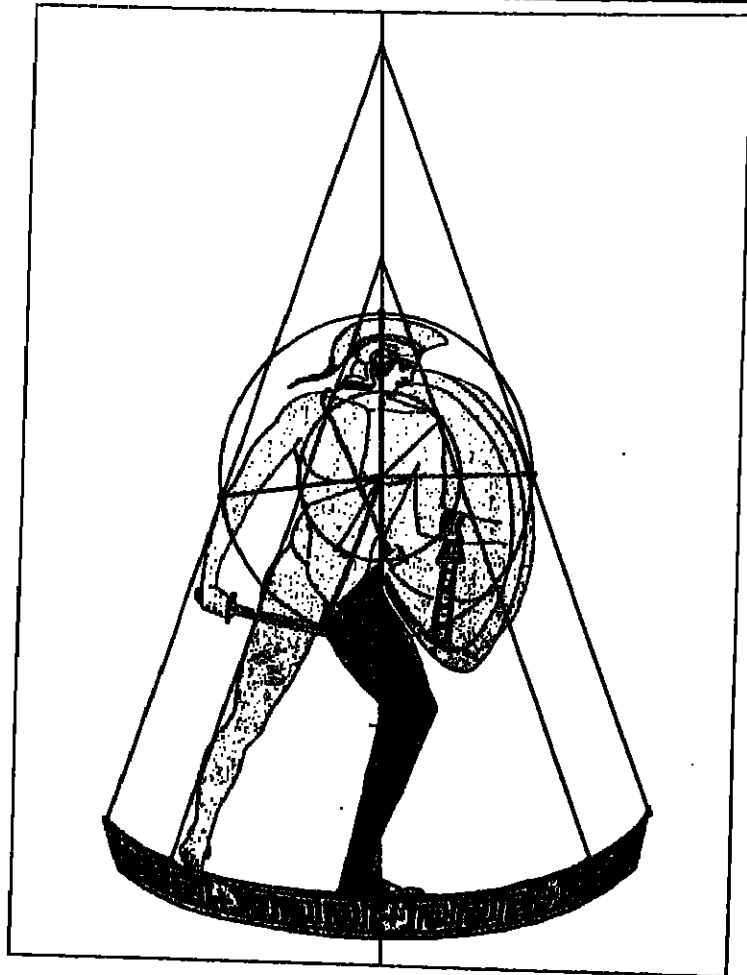
Nothing then could be more welcome to me than a new didactic show at the Israel Museum, this time in the Bronfman Archaeology Wing, where Neighbouring Cultures Curator Rivka Merhav has mounted her analysis of the design of painted Greek vases from the Jan Mitchell Gift. This show, entitled an "Exercise in Observation," is so interesting and so beautifully presented (by designer Peera Goldman, with drawings by Florica Valner and photos by David Harris) that it could most usefully be preserved as a permanent exhibit.

As Greek vases have a definite front and back and are designed to be seen, ideally though not necessarily, from the *en face* position, Merhav takes as her point of departure the basic symmetry of the vase even when analyzing designs which nevertheless proceed around it. She also demonstrates that the Greek designers, while reconciling their figures with the bulbous shape of the vase, used a unit of proportion similar to that found in Greek sculpture and in the vase applied it in a flat plane, just as we see it rather more easily in a flat photograph; for that was basically what the Attic spectator saw from the "ideal" frontal position too.

Her special achievement, I think, is showing how all the animals and heraldic devices in the bands running around early Corinthian vases conformed to a set of pattern rules that covered not only geometric relationships to each other and the vase but also the distribution of colour and alternating up-and-down rhythm of the animals' backs. These become visually evident in the presentation and are fully explained in a fine catalogue (marked only by a few illustrations).

Merhav's demonstration of the triangular geometry underlying the design and stance of the figures in Attic amphorae of the Sixth and Fourth Centuries B.C.E. is more dramatic and perfectly well founded. She shows how the basic unit of sculptural measure gives the key points of the Theseus figure, except for the head, where the helmet is included because of the distortion caused by the recession to the vase neck (the Greeks knew all about allowing for visual distortions, viz: the varying distances between the columns of the facade of the Parthenon, which appear identical when viewed from mid-point). She also demonstrates that the centre of gravity (as in many classical sculptures) passes through both sides of the leg to the hip and thence through the heart and ear, the "heart point" being the centre of concentric circles (with the basic unit as radius) passing through the navel; and its diameter serving as a bigger radius circumscribing the main contours of the figure, helmet, shield and sword. The equilateral triangles of the vertical composition are related to measuring points placed equidistant in the decoration of the band on which the figures stand.

WITHOUT wishing in any way to detract from this perceptive and accurate analysis, it must be said that it can not only be taken somewhat further, but that its principles have been evident to major artists and their more fortunate students throughout the history of western art. It has long



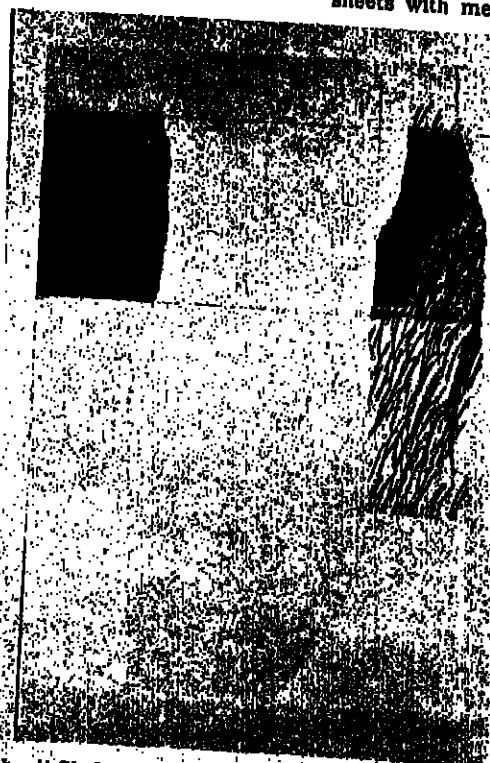
been my belief that the Renaissance — the rebirth of Greek ideals of beauty in Italian and Flemish art — was essentially a rediscovery of Greek geometry in figure composition. Italy was once "flooded" with Greek amphorae and kraters (still being excavated there) and they, together with the written canons of Greek mathematicians, must have been the source of the early discoveries of Masaccio and their revival in the works and notebooks of Leonardo and in the sculpture of Donatello and Michelangelo.

From the figures at Reims and Jan van Eyck's "Mystic Lamb" in Ghent, to Volp's studio compositions, to El Greco's mystic Rembrandt's "Night Watch," through Rubens, Lovis Corinth, Corot, Monet, Picasso, and Frank Stella, Greek triangular geometry, coupled with the use of the "golden section" based on the relationship of a square and its diagonal used to form a rectangle, has formed the basis of all Western rectangular and circular painting.

If Rivka Merhav's fine show can be kept in *foto*, the Museum might also consider adding to it a similar graphic analysis of several paintings from its classical collection, particularly its fine little geometrically-organized Corot, plus another work containing a triangulated figure group. Might also have the temerity to suggest that the Greek analysis be carried a little further. The connection between the red figure in Polygnotos' neck-amphora and the form of the vase itself is even stronger than this show suggests. The outside of the handles form a line that returns to the main centre line while the sweep of the limbs of the flanking figures, like the forearm of the Amazon, like the key "heart point" is actually the centre of an ellipse that embraces the entire vase (exclusive of the base) and defines the extremities of handles, lip and jug-cap. The black areas of the background to the red figures are made up of dynamically different shapes yet balance each other in weight. This calculation of "air" between arm and body for instance, is vital to all sculpture as well as all painting, a lesson Donatello must have learned from the Greeks. Finally, this calculation of the value of negative space can be applied to a mathematical examination of the relationship of the contours of the vases and their handles, to the imaginary rectangle that encloses the extreme measurements. The perfect forms of Polygnotos' amphorae made

over 2,000 years ago are the result of a something vital to harmony: not leaving a single thing to chance. Damn clever, those Greeks.

RAYAH REDLICH, a lecturer at the Bezalel Academy, is showing what she calls "political art" in the Artists House Mezzanine (until July 22). The political element is so mild and the art so elementary that one may well wonder if the title is deserved. Redlich's main piece consists of about 100 ceramic figures in two long ranks, half of them representing soldiers, half civilians, most of the latter facing the soldiers. The figures are rudimentary and all the faceless soldiers are cast from the same mould; the reaction of the civilians varies. Well, so what? Aren't we all aware that it's better to be a civilian than to spend a quarter of our lives in uniform? And is our army a horde of faceless cyphers? There's no real comment here, no real target, no something. Political art in the past has invoked horror and loathing today urges change, even anarchy (Boeys). There can be no real political art without cause... and effect.



Chagall Shalsh: Meet of a drawing, (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Italian prints

Gil Goldfine

LOOKING BACK over the past couple of years, it has become apparent that the Italian Embassy's Cultural Institute has done more to promote its country's heritage and its national artists than most other foreign institutions in Israel. Dr. Marco Miele, the Embassy's energetic and imaginative Cultural Counsellor, has developed an ongoing programme of music, film and the plastic arts.

In general, without indulging in criticism of specific displays, the Institute's projects have offered us a change of venue, an opportunity to retreat from our local, often inbred, atmosphere. This month, in addition to a large exhibition now in preparation (devoted to 18th century etchings of historical and architectural Rome), a show of contemporary Italian prints is being presented at the Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.

Scanning the 129 prints (published by Edifolia of Rome) by 37 artists, a vague pattern emerged, based on overall technical competence coupled with varied images containing minimal drawing and deflated colour expression — all in all, a conservative showing.

GIUSEPPE CAPOGROSSI, who died in 1972, developed a decorative graphic style submerged in repetitive, quasi-linguistic signs, organized around clearly stated colours, sometimes muted but often registered in a combination of bold, blood-red and deep, cool, black. A favourite symbol, the truncated hand form, is presented here in fine lithographic variations from the album "In Hoc Signo," confirming his inventiveness and design abilities.

Also devoted to a hard-edge approach are RENATO SPAGNOLI, MICHELANGELO CONTI and UMBERTO CASOTTI. Each utilizes a rich palette to dissect geometric configurations, the most interesting being Spagnoli's untitled litho (No. 110), a quiet, tantalizing, grey-on-grey counterpoint composition that vibrates with kinetic illusionism. AFRO (ASADELLA) shows earth-toned prints influenced by the fluid human motion and lyricism of abstract expressionism. Similarly, but more dispassionate, akin to Morris lithographs, are PIERO DORAZIO's transparent pure colours are overlaid in inject spatial and chromatic dimension into his compositions. LUIGI BOLLIE and SADUN, like Tobey and Monet, play with linear movement and light, filling large sheets with mercurial dots, lines or

conspicuous brush marks. Bollie's prints are a bit restrictive and solemnly coloured in contrast to Sadun's bold palette and open impulsive drawing coordinated to discharge a shimmering surface of intuitive locomotion. Three black-and-white etchings by MARINO MARINI and an illustrative litho by MANZU do not come up to the expected level of these two excellent sculptors. Marini, Italy's most prominent living artist, shows a fragile horse and rider alongside an expressively abstracted "Scream." GIANNI DOVA creates brightly coloured images of humorous content and LUIGI DEL PEZZO, as if dedicated to Duchamp, composes unrelated articles in doll house interiors, punctuates them with pale pastel lines and comes up with curious pictures that, in a genetic sense, fall somewhere between the metaphysical and pop art. (Tel Aviv Museum, 21 King Saul Blvd.). Till end August.

Headstrong drive for change

THE ART of our time attempts to be communicative. It is less static, concerned with what art can be about, of making discoveries, of direct involvement with nature, or, on the other hand, total involvement of the artist in his own creation. These are the concepts that drive most of the "YOUNG ISRAELI ARTISTS" exhibiting at the Julie M. Gallery this month. But because of a desire to be way out and a tinge of precociousness, the communicative aspect of their art form has, in most cases, become incoherent. Also, a complete disavowal from forging an "artistic" product makes one wonder if aims and objectives have been duly considered. In this kind of exhibit, where three or four cryptically scrawled words stand as painting, or clumsily strewn mesh replaces sculptural mass, the artists should be obliged to literally describe intentions and procedures to their public. Instead, we are engaged in a nihilistic performance and left to our own conclusions and devices. There is little to praise in this exhibit except the group's headstrong drive to change things (or to emulate their influential instructors).

If each were to mount a solo exhibit a positive chemistry might bubble, but 11 such characters, like John Gille riding off in all directions, make for annoyance and frustration.

To mention a few items, however, that did generate interest: a Duchampian egg cup and egg decorated with the handwritten names of contemporary artists by Degani Brest Barkai; ritualistic, sometimes grotesque photographs à la Diane Arbus by Motti Mizrahi; Shaul Zelig's standing painted-collage; partitions and nice drawings by Chagall Shalsh, and despite their inventive sources in Neustein and Uri. Others showing are: Ben Eretz, Borkowitz, Geler, Tewel, Kahana, Katz and Neeman. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Kikoon, Tel Aviv). Through July.

GIL GOLDFINE

THEATRE / Mendel Kohansky

Queen Ida's here

THE SECOND offering of the Yiddish Art Theatre, "Glueckel of Hameln," is considerably better than the unfortunate "Amha" with which the company made its debut. The play, co-authored (with Max Baumann), directed and starred in by the formidable Ida Kaminska, late of Warsaw's State Yiddish Theatre, is standard pseudo-historical melodrama, adequately presented in a grandiloquent manner. It is loosely based on the memoirs of Glueckel, the indomitable 17th-century Hamburg widow who brought up 12 children, successfully managed the family business and, in her spare time, wrote a book that was to become a most valuable historical document.

The authors have taken considerable liberties with the original. While in fact Glueckel's husband died of injuries suffered in a fall, they have him murdered by a well-born gentle, so as to give the widow a cause for heroic action — the demand that the culprit, social position notwithstanding, be brought to justice. She buttresses this demand with some clever detective work, and discovers, literally, where the body is buried. The murderer is tried and convicted, thanks to the action of the burgo-master of Hamburg, a stern father-figure who naturally considers Jews inferior creatures and treats them as such, but nevertheless believes in justice.

The simplistic melodrama, with all its long-arm-of-conscience devices and sentimental confrontations, is designed primarily to provide a stellar part for an actress. Ida Kaminska rides this vehicle in high gear,

careful to be always in the centre, the other actors mere courtiers attendant upon the queen. The end of the first act finds her standing at the edge of the stage, framed by her family, facing the audience. Slowly raising both arms in a grand-opera gesture, she declares, "I demand justice!" — and waits for applause. It comes, loud and long, as the curtain slowly closes on the tableau.

The show has a fairly attractive set by newcomer Izo Scherf, its effectiveness marred, however, by poor lighting. The sound system — three brutally conspicuous microphones hanging from the ceiling — plays havoc with the actors' voices.

IF THE JEWS of 17th-century Hamburg didn't have it so good, it was because they lived among anti-Semites. But what about Jews in Pardess Katz, in independent Israel? The boys and girls of the Pardess Katz Community Theatre, who came to Tel Aviv with their show, "The Second Half," claim that it is mainly because of the Ashkenazim, the ultra-religious ones who rule Bnei Brak. Pardess Katz, a settlement which grew out of a *ma'abara* from the Orient, and thus got off to a pretty bad start, fell under the jurisdiction of Bnei Brak, the purely Ashkenazi, Orthodox, fairly prosperous town, and its fate was thus sealed.

It took other countries hundreds of years of deterioration to create slums with all their evils; in Israel things happen fast, we say proudly. And here, in a mere quarter of a century, we have a fully-fledged slum, as the



Ida Kaminska in the role of Glueckel of Hameln.

(Agor)

sketches and songs, illustrated by photographs of street scenes projected on a screen, demonstrate. The ballads and little scenes deal with everyday life: with the smell of sewage pervading the streets; the school in which two or sometimes three children have to share a seat; the ignorant, apathetic teachers; the dirty youth club with its broken furniture; the crowded homes becoming even more crowded when sons and daughters marry and cannot afford a home of their own.

THE SHOW'S chief and nearly sole target is the city fathers, an obviously gross exaggeration, for one knows that the ill-reach

deeper and grow out of a wider background. One also assumes that the city officials cannot possibly be as obtuse and biased as they are presented here. In one sketch, the mayor refuses a small sum for adding a room to a school, claiming financial troubles in the municipality; but when a yeshiva representative asks for IL300,000 to build another wing, the mayor insists that the yeshiva take four million. It is this sort of hyperbole which weakens the show's all-too-void argument, and places the whole problem in the wrong focus.

As a show, "The Second Half," written and directed by Yoasi Alfi, is lively and moves fast, and is not without moments of humour. I admired the total lack of self-con-

sciousness of the boys and girls who addressed a Tel Aviv audience as naturally as they would talk to their friends on a Pardess Katz street corner. The hardship of dwelling in a slum is evidently not without its compensations.

ONE PERSON who compensated for being born and raised in urban squalor, and did it on a grand scale, was Edith Piaf, the French singer, though fame and fortune by no means brought her happiness, as the show currently running at Tzavta tries to prove. Rather unfortunately entitled "Padam, Padam, Padam," which means nothing to someone not acquainted with that particular song, the show stars Sundry Johnson, a young singer with a warm, rich, highly expressive voice, supported by Yona Elian, who acts as the singer's double, providing the narrative part of the show. The members of the four-piece band also double as actors to bring in more action.

The show, written by Avi Koren and directed by Danny Litai, presents Piaf's life story, based on her famous autobiography, with the songs inserted as illustrations. It is an elaborate show — too elaborate for my taste — with the familiar songs (and better ones have never been written) being subordinated to the story. This is a pity, especially as the text is drenched in sentimentality, and Yona Elian has little to contribute besides a pretty face and a lissome figure (not that I belittle those), her delivery being forced, lacking in range and conviction. Also, the little scenes with the participation of the musicians have a spurious air about them in their effort to create the atmosphere of a bistro. The comedy relief is the clarinetist, whose name is not given in the programme and who seems to be having a wonderful time clowning it up, as if saying to the audience "Look at me! I am really a comedian, but I have to play the clarinet for a living."

been foreseen once the dedicated volunteers who ran the Jerusalem Chamber Music Society decided to give up their independent organization and let the Khan run things. The moment something gets institutionalized, there is always the danger that it will lose its vigour and liveliness.

Another, most stimulating setting for chamber music, particularly for new immigrants and special programmes — the Tel Aviv Museum — has suffered a grievous loss. The untimely death of the lamented Francois Shapira, its music director, has left empty a position which requires a musician as energetic and dedicated as Shapira to revive its activities for the benefit of performers and audiences alike.

Only a warm person, with his love for music and imbued with the urge to help his colleagues, could have built up so quickly a centre for good and stimulating music-making such as he succeeded in bringing to the Tel Aviv Museum. He leaves a memorial to his name, but also a challenge to somebody like himself to keep it vibrantly alive.

CHAMBER music is in danger of being relegated to the Catholic Church. In May, I wrote about Halevy's opera "The Jewess," and stated that "this opera was not allowed by the Mandatory authorities to be performed in Jerusalem, as its content would be insulting to the Catholic community (a Cardinal with a daughter!)." That was what I was told by peo-

ple who seemed to have been in the know (I only arrived in Israel in 1938).

Now, I am informed by one of our most dedicated and apparently one of our oldest readers, Dr. Baruch Tomaschoff, that this is erroneous. He explains:

"It is true that the Vatican wished the Mandatory authorities not to permit the opera to be performed; finally, however, it was performed in the years 1923-25, even a number of times.

"Again, the reason for the Roman Catholic attitude was not the Cardinal having a daughter, for, according to the libretto, Brogni was no priest at all at the time of his marriage, but the Mayor of Rome. Brogni lost his wife and daughter as a result of his house having been set on fire; thereupon he withdrew from public life and was admitted to a monastery. There he became a priest, and gradually he was even ordained as Cardinal. There is thus nothing whatsoever that could be termed an 'insult' to Catholicism.

"The Cardinal, however, beseeches the Jew, Eleazar, to discontinue his whereabouts of his daughter, which Eleazar flatly refuses to do. Thereupon the Cardinal agitatedly kneels down before him, which scene is repeated at the very end of the opera. It was this kneeling down before a Jew that the Vatican could not endure."

I am grateful to Dr. Tomaschoff for drawing attention to my mistake.

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Festival time

ISRAEL'S music season ends this week, with the Philharmonic hastily completing its commitments to its subscribers and overlapping them with the production of "Aida," with which the Israel Festival opens its 16th season on July 12. The Festival will offer 21 different programmes with altogether 70 dates: in Jerusalem — 12, Tel Aviv — 30, Caesarea — nine, Haifa — four, Ein Hod — three, and Beersheva, Ashdod, Yagur, Gan Shmuel, Ein Hashofet and Dafna taking the rest (mostly programmes of Israeli dance companies). Then, with the last performance scheduled for August 16, we shall hear no major music until after the High Holy days.

But already, with the strains of last season's music hardly given a chance to die down, publicity has been inundating us, inviting the music lover to subscribe to next season's concerts. The first on the scene is the Jerusalem Theatre, which has the franchise for the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra's subscription concerts. According to its information leaflet, there will again be three series built around common subjects, this time called "All-Time Favour-

ites." "Portrait of a Composer," and "Variations on a Theme." Again, a subscription covers ten concerts, with a Marathon in each series, directed by Lukas Foss, as a grand finale.

Prices range from IL16 to IL20 per concert — which seems a bit expensive — though subscribers will get reductions of about 20 per cent. I suppose students and soldiers will also enjoy reduced prices, though the leaflet does not say so. Unfortunately, there are all too few informative details available for potential subscribers. Dates and names of works to be performed are conspicuous by their absence. Lukas Foss will conduct seven times, while three concerts each will go to Juan Pablo Izquierdo, Mendel Rodan and Sidney Harth; two each to Gary Bertini, Dean Dixon and Alexander Schneider; and single programmes to Avi Ostrovsky, Stanley Sperber, George Singer and a newcomer — René Klopferstein. The most popular conductor (after Lukas Foss) seems to be "To Be Announced," who appears four times in the leaflet.

SO FAR, the soloists are nearly all pianists or violinists; only one

This, unfortunately, could have

Treasure trove

ISRAELI TELEVISION has undoubtedly discovered invaluable treasure in the idea of staging a treasure hunt visually: this used to be the most popular of all programmes on radio, and there is no reason why it should not reach equal status on the screen. The gimmicks used were most impressive, particularly those packages of information that plopped out of tubes like new-laid eggs out of hens. Some rough edges will have to be ironed out by next month. The organizers obviously suffered from the mistaken belief that everyone in the country was so familiar with the radio programme that they would know exactly what was expected of them and so did not explain the project adequately in the beginning. "Zachi" Shimoni also thinks that people can write Hebrew notes with the speed of a camera's eye, which is wrong.

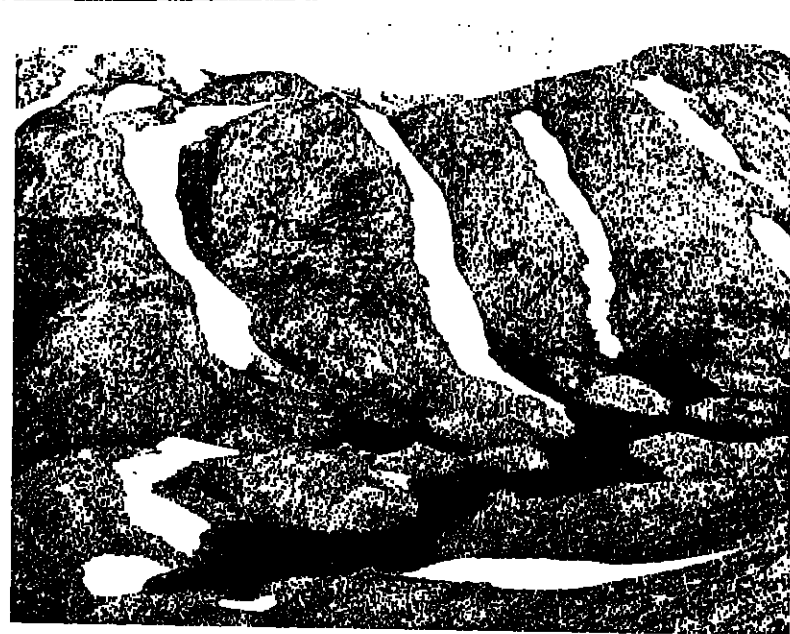
If the first programme is a fair sample of what is to come, I suspect that these are going to be shows largely for sabras or aged veterans with long memories who grew up in Israel, while comparative newcomers who have only been here for 25 years or so gaze in wonder at other people's erudition or experience. Speaking for myself, the only time I might have phoned my knowledge was when I recognized Ernest Hemingway — fortunately, I was too spellbound to go to the telephone, and so the character concerned was rapidly identified by others as John Steinbeck. I also knew that Arik Einstein's ballad was about Moshe Solomon, and that he had sung it in "Looli" — incidentally, it's high time we had more of entertainments like

"Looli," they were great — but treasure-seeker Yaakov Kolton never asked a question about the song or the film.

HE WAS a curious hunter for facts. Although he himself said at the end that he got a little mixed up because he was under such great tension, at no stage did he reveal any of this strain: on the contrary, he seemed relaxed to the point of being half-asleep, and to be bumping his way along with never a care in the world. Yet he sorted out the good information from the bad with remarkable dexterity, and supplied some vital gaps from his own knowledge.

"Zachi" Shimoni looked young, dapper and fit, but he certainly did not take the night's proceedings with the comfortable ease of the protagonist. He was obviously on edge, fearful that there would be some unforeseen responsibility to launch such a programme live. As a result of his burdens, he tended to be somewhat stern with Yaakov and the public at large, impatient of stupidities and slowness. Arye Orgad was as calm and unruffled as he usually is when announcing the night's catastrophes on the news. All the girls began as stiff as poker, but ended up grinning and waving in the background.

One fault, perhaps due to pressure of time, was that the very complicated riddle was not explained in the end, with every "I" dotted and every "it" crossed: for instance, the American colonists and John Steinbeck disappeared without leaving a trace, they were not tied together with Suss. We were left to guess that



"The Hermon," a documentary, will be screened on Monday at 9.00 p.m.

they had been at the spot marked "x." If my memory serves me aright, on the radio programme, the omniscient "they" eventually went through the riddle line by line, slotting in the answers.

But this carping note may be due to my own deficient wit, most viewers may have been clapping their hands to their foreheads and saying, "Of course! It's so obvious!" It was certainly Israel's most ambitious TV undertaking, and must have been beset with a vast amount of pitfalls, like Jim Hawkins' search for the pirates' loot in "Treasure Island".

IT IS HARD to fathom the objective of TV House in showing us that remarkable BBC product, "World at War", produced by Jeremy Isaacs, brother of one of the victims of the Zion Square terrorist bomb murder. When I first saw it on Jordan a couple of years ago — I think it was before the Yom Kippur War — I found it

most enlightening, with its insights into what the Germans, Japanese and Russians had done and thought.

But it is curious — and, I dare say, needless — fare for Israelis at this stage of the game, reeling as we are after the fourth of our wars and facing the possibility of a fifth in the foreseeable future.

This week we saw the struggle for North Africa, from the time that Mussolini sent his underarmored legions against the British (ill) Montgomery's ultimate victory at El Alamein. There were many shots of tank fighting in the desert, discussions of tank warfare, harrowing pictures of burnt and blackened bodies, descriptions of the terrible screams of men trapped in burning tanks. We have had our own fighting of this type, all too recently, in fact since Isaacs made his film.

On a superficial level, "World at War" is the most vigorous pacifist propaganda imaginable: all the time one is aware that those villainous monsters — the Germans, the Italians, the Japanese — are going to turn in an in-

credibly short time into our gallant allies against the unspeakable Commies (then our great friend in the struggle against the Nazis). So one might be forgiven for wondering all the time what was all the fighting about? Why did those men burn in tanks, die in the desert, endure all that suffering?

This is nonsense, of course. For it seems that, human nature being what it is — aggressive, ruthless, stupid, and predatory, as well as idealistic, benevolent and capable of great vision — every generation has to fight for the survival of the values it treasures. Nobody can make the world safe for his children. Some time — soon, I hope — young Israelis, Egyptians and other Arabs will be wondering what all that fighting was about. I don't think "World at War" and John Wayne in the Pacific war are needed by any of us right now.

I TOUCH my forehead in reverent thanks to the organizers of sports news for their belated discovery that Wimbledon tennis can make wonderful TV, although my gratitude would have been even vaster if they had thought of televising the men's final live. And they should know tennis doesn't end with Wimbledon.

The appetite grows by what it feeds on: now they have found tennis, perhaps they'll notice that there are cricket test matches on, between England and Australia, right at this moment — the first began at Edgbaston on Thursday. Just a shot or two of Lillie in action, please?

"Kojak night" on Tuesday was out of this world, with Savalas in great form both in Israel and Jordan, with some marvellous script dialogue. With a profound sense of guilt I admit sneaking over to the second Kojak half-way through a non-engrossing Moked, filmed against a very black, depressing background, perhaps to symbolize American-Israeli relations at this point.

CALEB'S COLUMN

N. David Gross

Get on your feet

IT SEEMS CRAZY to me to subsidize buses while taxing bicycles. Acknowledging our society — and our economic and security needs — to be too sophisticated for rustication and a return to the distaff to be nothing more than a sweet dream, there is still much to be gained by encouraging the simpler pursuits. Apart from easing our tensions, there would be an enormous benefit to the nation's health.

The Knesset sports subcommittee this week reported with considerable dismay on the flabbiness of our young adults, during and following army service. Our children are fit, the MKs say, but the rot sets in at the age of 17 or so. The committee rightly urges far more attention to sports and exercise in our schools and demands better facilities for them. But I would suggest that the type of sport and exercise provided in the schools needs examination, for these can set habits that continue beyond school years.

In those schools which take physical training at all seriously, too much stress is on running races, or other competitive pursuits, which the competent enjoy and the rest soon drop out of. To my mind, the emphasis should be on exercise for every single Ron and Ronit.

It would be untrue to say I didn't care a rush with a hole in it if Israel never won an Olympic medal. Of course national pride likes to be gratified, and youth requires heroes. But a healthy nation is far more important for our existence.

INSTEAD of racing 100 metres against each other or a stopwatch,

watch, children should have fun on cross-country runs, without caring too much who comes in first, second and third. Running is an end in itself. Schools and youth movements should encourage what we as youngsters in England used to call rambles — a longish, say 25-kilometre, hike across country, but taking a whole day over it, and pausing to enjoy the surrounding view.

Forced marches through the Negev or the Judean desert with rationed water supplies have their place in building up stamina, but they aren't much fun and do not encourage a love of walking and looking at nature that can endure a lifetime. The army's popular three-day marches should be less rigorous and more frequent. And cycling is ideal for a petrol-short nation where cars and motorbikes are so expensive.

Children should also be encouraged to walk to and from school, instead of taking a bus for two or three stops.

It is astonishing that the residents of Jerusalem's Rehavia quarter should have fought a few years ago for the smelly, noisy juggernauts to go down every narrow side street so that no bus stop should be more than 30 metres from their house. They prefer the fumes and the roar to a two-minute walk.

All our youngsters, wherever they live, should be in the swim. This means some money to be spent on breakwaters to make our beaches safe. And purification plants for inland pools are not all that expensive now.

Of course, health is a wonderful thing for its own sake, but we have a more serious purpose. The enemy's hordes in uniform are kept constantly at the peak of condition. We have a reserve army with ages well in the forties. These men must keep themselves fit in their own time. They must have instilled in them ways of life that expand their lungs, not their bollocks.

BIBLICAL BYWAYS

L.I. Rabinowitz

Eating carrots

IT IS a fundamental belief of traditional Judaism that the text of the Bible as handed down through the ages is authoritative and sacrosanct, and that this applies not only to the written text in the scrolls but even to the traditional vocalization, which does not appear there. It is to that assumption that the phrase "not a jot or tittle" shall be altered, applies.

This assumption is, of course, rejected by rational Biblical scholars, who feel themselves free to maintain that mistakes have occurred in the text, which they proceed to rectify or to restore according to what they consider the original. This exegesis is called the Lower Criticism, in contrast to the Higher Criticism, which deals with such questions as the authorship and origin of the books.

To this principle of orthodox Judaism there is one apparent notable exception. The rabbis regard themselves as free to suggest the most far-reaching emendations to the traditional text: which is, in fact, often introduced by the phrase "Altkre." "Do not read thus (the traditional reading) but thus."

Most of these suggested emendations, which would belong to the class of Lower Criticism, depend on the fact that there is no vocalization of the text and that different vowels can produce an entirely different meaning or word.

THE EXPLANATION of this contrast between the principle of inviolability and the freedom to amend is that these suggestions are made for homiletical purposes, mostly to teach a profound ethical lesson, and are not to be taken as tampering with the text.

An outstanding example is to be found in the Haftara of this Sabbath, *Shabbat Hazon*. The Midrash reads the words "Harev to'ukhu," (ye shall be devoured by the sword) (Isaiah 1:20) as though they were "Harev to'ukhu," (ye shall eat carobs), a reading which is possible by changing the accepted vocalization.

In 1970 there was published, amid a glare of publicity, the New English Bible, the combined work, over some 20 years, of Protestant scholars in England. It is more or less the first translation of the Bible which is not based upon the Masoretic traditional text (I exclude, of course, the Vulgate) and which takes into consideration the emendations of the Lower Criticism. And incredible though it may sound, this apparently scientific, objective, rational translation accepts the amendment of the Midrash to these words as the correct and original meaning and relegates the traditional one to a footnote.

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.

EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1 Primary (5); 2 Fruit (5); 3 Sausers (7); 4 Labourers (7); 5 Water vapour (5); 6 Isolating (5); 7 Young horses (5); 8 Cover (7); 9 Garment edge (5); 10 Insects (4); 11 Moving around (5); 12 Make certain (5); 13 Final (4); 14 Female animal (5); 15 Natural gifts (7); 16 Frickle (5); 17 Sky blue (5); 18 Poison (7).

DOWN: 1 High-pitched bark (5); 2 Varieties (5); 3 Chant (5); 4 Weighing machine (5); 5 Male cat (5); 6 Sailing vessel (5); 7 Plums (7); 8 Snakes (4); 9 Gentle (5); 10 Grove of trees (5); 11 Flowed out (5); 12 Peck (5); 13 Move (5); 14 Dissolves (5); 15 Couch (5); 16 Bowman (7); 17 Spout (5); 18 Bequest (5); 19 Carved figure (5); 20 Attempted (5); 21 Share (4); 22 Good health (5); 23 Sharp (7).

Wednesday's Easy solution: ACROSS—3, Sharp, a Ghaz, 10 Album, 11, Tie, 12, Proc, 13, Mallard, 15, March, 18, Age, 19, Sedate, 21, Stammer, 22, Ripe, 23, Mean, 24, Dunderman, 25, Bolden, 26, Jan, 27, Pilot, 28, Censure, 34, Diced, 35, Tre, 36, Reign, 37, Bond, 38, Supped.

DOWN—1, Ahar, a Prelate, 4, Herd, 6, Ghaz, a Tamed, 7, Bure, a Ghaz, 10, Frowny, 11, On, 12, Promote, 13, Ape, 14, Raven, 17, Hence, 18, Ape, 19, Haven, 21, Hence, 22, Sedate, 23, Green, 24, Snail, 25, Mammal, 26, Dicing, 27, Men, 28, Rider, 30, Dodge, 30, Green, 32, Cedar, 33, Urn.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

DOWN: 1, Ahar, a Prelate, 4, Herd, 6, Ghaz, a Tamed, 7, Bure, a Ghaz, 10, Frowny, 11, On, 12, Promote, 13, Ape, 14, Raven, 17, Hence, 18, Ape, 19, Haven, 21, Hence, 22, Sedate, 23, Green, 24, Snail, 25, Mammal, 26, Dicing, 27, Men, 28, Rider, 30, Dodge, 30, Green, 32, Cedar, 33, Urn.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork, 34, Fork, 35, Fork, 36, Fork, 37, Fork, 38, Fork, 39, Fork, 40, Fork, 41, Fork, 42, Fork, 43, Fork, 44, Fork, 45, Fork, 46, Fork, 47, Fork, 48, Fork, 49, Fork, 50, Fork, 51, Fork, 52, Fork, 53, Fork, 54, Fork, 55, Fork, 56, Fork, 57, Fork, 58, Fork, 59, Fork, 60, Fork, 61, Fork, 62, Fork, 63, Fork, 64, Fork, 65, Fork, 66, Fork, 67, Fork, 68, Fork, 69, Fork, 70, Fork, 71, Fork, 72, Fork, 73, Fork, 74, Fork, 75, Fork, 76, Fork, 77, Fork, 78, Fork, 79, Fork, 80, Fork, 81, Fork, 82, Fork, 83, Fork, 84, Fork, 85, Fork, 86, Fork, 87, Fork, 88, Fork, 89, Fork, 90, Fork, 91, Fork, 92, Fork, 93, Fork, 94, Fork, 95, Fork, 96, Fork, 97, Fork, 98, Fork, 99, Fork, 100, Fork.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution: ACROSS—3, Ghaz, a, Wag, 10, Lapse, 11, Man, 12, Biscuit, 13, Dismiss, 14, Fork, 15, Dismiss, 16, Fork, 17, Fork, 18, Fork, 19, Fork, 20, Fork, 21, Fork, 22, Fork, 23, Fork, 24, Fork, 25, Fork, 26, Fork, 27, Fork, 28, Fork, 29, Fork, 30, Fork, 31, Fork, 32, Fork, 33, Fork,